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E MIND OF THE ANT. By Prof. J. Arthur Thomson.

COUNTRY LIFE

AVISTOCK STREET. STRAND. LONDON. W.C. 2.

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SHOULD QUEEN WASPS BE KILLED?

THIS is a question that may appear trivial to those living in town, but is much debated by such as dwell in the country and cultivate fruit either for pleasure or profit. The old answer was definitely in the affirmative and according to a number of correspondents it appears to be acted upon even now. In our issue for March 18th, Mr. L. Walford, Fellow of the Entomological Society, disputed the view effectively. He pointed out that wasp grubs are entirely fed on animal food, such as flies, and that each young wasp grub must consume, before hatching, many times its own weight in house flies, hover flies and the like. On April 29th we published an authoritative article written by the entomologists, Messrs. E. B. Watson and A. S. Buckhurst. They wrote that queen wasps should not be destroyed in the winter or spring, and they gave as the reason that the wasps are beneficial to the farmer, as they are inveterate enemies of the green fly, and they add that the grubs are fed almost exclusively on insect juices. Observations carried out last year showed that the bulk of the insects taken by wasps consisted of blow flies, blue-bottles, house flies and crane flies. Caterpillars, saw-fly larvæ, moths and leaf hoppers are also preyed upon to a considerable extent. They note that ladybirds, in common with other beetles and hover flies, are not attacked.

This is a hard truth for the orchardist to swallow, because when his fruits ripen the wasps assemble in huge numbers and literally empty the skin of the apple of the substance it covered. If you take one in which they are busy and stamp on it with your foot, you will find many dozens inside. Last year especially, the wasps gorged

themselves on fruit. Strange as it may appear, they, nevertheless, are not the primary criminals. Occasionally a wasp may penetrate the skin of any of our popular fruits when it is exceptionally soft, but it has not got any instrument that will pierce a strong, healthy apple, pear or plum. The writer has watched what goes on not only in an exceptional year like last year, but in many other years. In every case that came under his notice it was a bird that made the first puncture. Very small birds in dry weather will pierce the skin with their beaks for the sake of the juice. Other birds of various sizes follow and the hole is enlarged. Often the enlargement is done by the wasp. We cannot dismiss the accused insect as guiltless since there is no doubt that in the autumnal part of the year it feeds on the juice of fruit. At that time, however, it is a very easy matter indeed to get rid of the nests, which are easily found by watching the direction in which the wasps fly and remembering that their favourite nesting place is a hole in the ground. All that is necessary is to buy from the chemist a quantity of cyanide of potassium. The best time to kill the wasps is before dusk when they are returning. All the operator need do is to stand quietly above the opening to the nest and from a small sponge squeeze a solution of the poison drop by drop into the hole. Performing the operation hundreds of times the writer has never once been stung. It was emphasised in the article we published recently, that a proportion of the nests should be destroyed in August. By this time the useful work of the wasps will be finished, and by leaving a few nests unmolested the supply of queen wasps for the ensuing year will be assured.

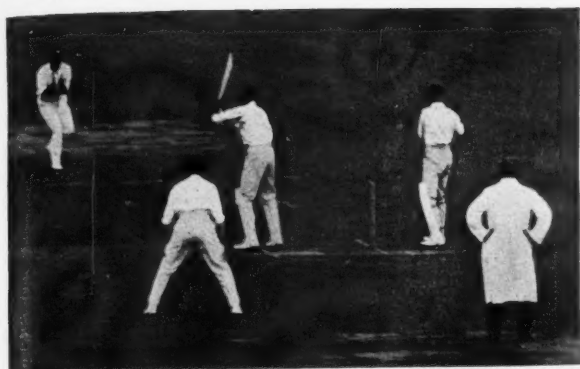
Those who are killing queen wasps at the present moment are, therefore, destroying the insect that spends its life in getting rid of their enemies. The wasps will in a short time be seen every day carrying flies and their nest to feed the grubs. By August the grubs will all be out and then the wasps consume vast quantities of fruit juice and, moreover, are most dangerous when they come into the house. For example, many grave illnesses and even deaths have resulted from someone swallowing a living wasp that had become immersed in jam. Probably the victim, at the moment, was engaged in conversation and did not notice there was something moving in the preserve. The result is not invariably fatal because the blind instinct of the creature is to begin stinging as soon as it feels it is unable to get away, and the sting in the throat finally administered may come from an exhausted weapon. It may contain very little poison. It is when that does not happen that a fatal issue occurs. Death is not a direct consequence of the poison, but is brought about by the swelling of the throat and consequent suffocation, that is, if a skilled doctor cannot be got in time.

This, then, is the scientific method of dealing with the wasp. Spare the queens so that the wasps may kill injurious insects for the purpose of feeding their grubs. Clear out the nests in August just before the large fruit is beginning to ripen. Though all this has been said more than once in our recent issues, it is curious that the crusade against wasps continues to be as keen as ever. We are informed that some local authorities are offering rewards for the killing of queen wasps. An inventor is placing upon the market a machine for wiping out the wasp altogether. In to-day's issue a correspondent tells us that in a few days he killed about fifty queen wasps that had been attracted by the blooms of two varieties of cotoneaster. He adds that a friend of his has destroyed numbers round shrubs of the same species with a tennis racket. We hope that this policy of carrying out a war of extermination against queen wasps will be abandoned in favour of a campaign against the nests just before the early apples are ripening.

Our Frontispiece

LADY ROSE LEVESON-GOWER is the second daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, and was married to Captain the Hon. William Leveson-Gower, D.S.O., R.N., second son of the second Earl Granville, in 1916.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES.

WHEN the white petals of the wild cherry are strewn on the grass and the hawthorn opens shyly where the bushes are sheltered from the wind, when the flowers of the beech are threaded like pale-coloured beads on the green silk of its boughs, and when the rosy plumelet begins to turn into a cone on the larch, spring is giving way to summer, though its surrender will not be complete till the white and red wild roses appear on the hedge. Spring stays with us till June comes. Everybody is delighted and astonished at the transformation which May has accomplished on the face of the country. One could almost fancy it as a spirit working for dramatic effect. Spring did not lag slowly up the way as is usually the case in England. May at first laid a strong hand on the reins—we really meant reins, not rains, though it was prodigal of the latter. It used the sharp east wind to whip back vegetation, and then towards the middle of the month it let go its hold and a wild revel of flowers, such as Chaucer's favourite month seldom produces, broke over the land. Nothing could have been statelier or more beautiful than the pageant of flowers in which, for the moment, the chestnut holds the most commanding position.

ONE or two of the less important agricultural shows remind us that the great exhibitions will be upon us in the course of a few weeks. There is no doubt about the great improvement in pedigree stock which has been effected since the war. It looks almost as though a fresh stimulus had been added to the energy and ingenuity of the breeders with the pleasant result that quality is at least as good as it was in 1913 and many think better. The drawback to successful showing lies in the greater expense involved. In the first place, the cost of transport has increased enormously. Anyone who feels doubtful about his animals will hesitate before paying the fares for bringing cattle to Cambridge from Northumberland and Cumberland in the North, or Cornwall and Devon in the South. Owners would consider it putting too high a price upon the advertisement which is frankly aimed at even by those who do not pursue pedigree stock breeding for commercial reasons. Fewer numbers, higher quality, might be expected if it were not that those in the immediate vicinity of the show will be tempted to take advantage of their freedom from heavy railway rates. Scottish breeders will be at a special disadvantage on account of distance, just as English breeders will be at a disadvantage in sending to the Royal and Highland.

MANUFACTURERS of machinery will be still harder hit. They have gone ahead in an even more remarkable manner since the end of the war, probably because they did not, to say the least of it, lose capital when they changed the process of manufacturing agricultural machinery to that of making ammunition and military machines of one kind and another for the Government. In consequence,

there have been many ingenious and most admirable machines produced, and it is of great importance to the public as well as to the manufacturers that they should be made widely known. They are sent to the agricultural shows purely for advertising reasons and anything that restricts their publicity must in the long run be injurious to the country. The same argument holds when it is applied to seeds, artificial manures and other accessories to husbandry. High railway rates as a matter of fact operate against every element of that complex which we call an agricultural show. As a sequel not only is trade affected, but the public is rendered unable to secure the legitimate advantages which it ought to reap from new and improved machinery.

AN interesting exhibit is being held in Museum IV, at

Kew, of plants used for binding sand and mud. Erosion of bare sand dunes and mud flats by wind and tide is so serious in some coastal regions that the services of engineers and forest officers are constantly engaged upon protective work. Violent winds disturb large quantities of sand, the contour of dunes is constantly changing, and sand encroaches upon cultivated land or is piled in positions that interfere with the domestic and business life of the people. Bare mud flats also undergo constant change by tidal action and adjacent agricultural land is imperilled. Protective work takes the form of barriers to check scour and the insertion of such plants as are capable of binding sand or mud. After sand dunes have been fixed by low, dense grasses, other plants soon appear, and the forester assists by planting pine trees, thereby changing desert areas into pleasant places of residence. Mud flats that become overgrown with coarse grasses collect debris and, gradually rising above high water mark, are turned into rich pasturage. The most satisfactory sand binder is marram grass, recently used for paper-making. A species of *Spartina stricta* is the best grass for binding mud flats: it and marram are used together.

THE SONGLESS BIRTH.

E'en the Christ-child, being born in winter drear,
Lacked one thing for His happy cradling,
There were no birds, no birds, His praise to sing.
No sweet sounds met His newly opened ear,
The lovely chorus of the later year
Was dumb and distant, for it was not spring.
There was no lark to make the heavens ring,
On blooming bough, no thrush, with flute-note clear.
Gold, frankincense and myrrh, rich gifts and rare,
The breath of kine, like incense going up,
And in the empty skies, one large bright star.
But there was silence in the frosty air,
One joyful measure missing from life's cup,
He heard no beat of wings, the birds were far.

CONSTANCE EVAN JONES.

IT is highly important that the public should become familiar with these grasses, as the erosion of the coast is a ceaseless process and, whether it is remembered or forgotten, it goes on wearing away the land on the East Coast and to some extent piling it up on the West. East Anglian parishes under the sea, the churches in Suffolk, the inroads made on the land at Holkham in Norfolk and the submerged bell towers on the Lincolnshire coast are all familiar. Where resolute attempt has been made to stop this inroad of the sea upon the dry land it has been the custom to plant marram grass, a hardy form of herbage which the salt water does not injure. Once it starts to grow it becomes a centre round which the winds assemble the flying sand, making it into little heaps which eventually grow to the height of sand dunes and form the nucleus of land reclaimed from the sea. Every owner of the smallest portion of land on the sea coast of East Anglia should be encouraged to avert this danger. The grass *Spartina stricta* was described by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in the evidence which he gave before the Royal Commission on coast erosion in 1907. He took part in a discussion on a paper, "The Protection of Seashores from Erosion," by Mr. A. E. Carey, and said "the first record he personally found

of it (*Spartina alterniflora*) was about 1833 when it was mentioned in some Hampshire records as having existed at what was then known as Itchen ferry." Lord Montagu was certain that it "did not exist on the mud flats in the Solent until within the last ten years." That would be since 1897. He could recollect when there was none in the Beaulieu river, which was a large estuary. It is now entirely choked up with *Spartina*. Lord Montagu gave it as his opinion that the grass would be a most valuable addition to a means of reclaiming mud and sand flats near the mouths of rivers. It has the advantage of being a palatable food for cattle, rabbits and other animals.

EIGHTS Week, by the time these lines are read, will have begun at Oxford, with New College head of the river, a position which they achieved last year by bumping Christ Church and the next night Magdalen, who had been head since the war. New College, by the advice of their coach, Professor G. C. Bourne, are rowing in a short three-section boat of the Australian type. The attempts by Magdalen, again with three Blues (Earl, Durand and Nickalls), to avenge themselves will, of course, be the outstanding combats of the week. At the moment they are not very well together, but they have a tradition of last moment recovery. Merton, though with two Blues (Irvine and Milling) must feel the absence of Raikes. Christ Church, starting sixth, with the addition of Campbell at stroke, should be able to bump Oriel and Trinity if they keep away from Balliol on the first night. It was largely by misfortune that they were bumped by those two boats last year, and there should be nothing to prevent them catching up again. Worcester, who went head in "Toggers," will no doubt get well into the first division, though they are at present sandwich boat. The presence of the Gilbert and Sullivan company at the theatre will make the evenings as enjoyable as the "nights," so that the week should be thoroughly delectable.

MOST of the elements that combine to render an accident horrible were present at the sinking of the P. and O. liner *Egypt*. The collision took place in the evening at a point about twenty-eight miles off the Armen lighthouse, on the coast of Finistère. The ship was bound for Bombay and entered a dense fog in this locality. She could not make progress, but came practically to a standstill, using her siren to let her position be known. In that position she was hit by a French cargo boat, the *Seine*. The blow fell between the two funnels, making a large hole in the side; thus the crew and passengers who left in high spirits for India had just escaped from the river and channel and, as we may imagine, were settling down to the voyage when the disaster overtook them. The night appears to have been foggy and miserable, and for a time uncertainty must have prevailed. Then suddenly the French cargo boat ran into them, and what a few minutes before was a shipload of people who did not dream of accident became a chaos of men and women placed in the utmost danger of their lives. At this critical moment the coloured men on the boat appear to have lost discipline and behaved savagely, while the others made a manful attempt to get the women into the boats. In this they were splendidly assisted by the crew of the French cargo boat; but for them, the death roll would have been a great deal heavier than it was.

THE proposals with regard to an airship service to India seem more hopeful than any that have yet been put forward or into execution for holiday transport to less distant regions. The London—Paris service, after all, only saves a few hours, and that, from the point of view of holiday-makers at least, is not enough to be worth what is still thought to be a risky undertaking. But India in three days, with only one stop, in Egypt, would revolutionise holiday-making. Thousands of men and women would willingly pay the fare by boat if it did not take such a long time. As a matter of fact, we are told that the fare by air would be less than the sea and land fare, so that the individual with a month's holiday could spend three weeks in India, and travel in what Commander Burney has described as "a train three hundred feet long and twice

as broad as a railway carriage, with restaurants, sleeping berths and smoke-rooms." The difference between three days and three weeks is so enormous that we doubt even if people would wait, as Commander Burney suspects they would, to be assured of safety.

SCOTTISH golfers of the old school will be extremely delighted with the smashing victory that Scotland obtained over England in playing for the Championship at Prestwick. They have always held in their heart of hearts that the real "gowfer" is a resident species only in the northern part of this island. The southern type they represent as either a copy or a degenerate. Golf is not "gowf" unless it is played at Musselburgh, St. Andrews, or some other place by the sea that has or had natural links and a tradition. In days of old the ideal Scottish "gowfer" was the frugal W.S. or equally frugal advocate, who when court was closed might be seen escaping from the town by way of Portobello carrying a bundle of clubs, mostly wooden, and with a pawky challenging smile arranging the bet for a modest half-a-crown with his companion. When they got to the links the smile might remain, but it did not cover, far less conceal, the determination with which the two enthusiasts started to demolish one another. Hard was the fight and pleasantly chaffing the crack between the two companions over the golf of to-day, yesterday and the day before. They were veterans born in the salt sea air, and talked with disdain of inland courses and artificial bunkers and the multiplied array of clubs. Happy those who survive to enjoy the heartfelt chuckle with which Saturday's result was received. In the first day's play in the Amateur Championship famous players failed to a remarkable degree. Mr. Tolley, beaten by Mr. Robinson of Lancashire, was the worst example.

NURSERY RHYME.

The King of the Fairies said to me:
 "Come and stand under the apple tree;
 My Royalty
 Makes me as sad as sad can be,
 And apple blossom would comfort me . . ."
 I answered him, as kings should be,
 "Willingly,
 Your Majesty . . ."
 So I stood under the apple tree.
 And when he had made of my shoulder a stair,
 Up he climbed by the rope of my hair,
 And plucked his blossom then and there!
 Oh! He never gave me a share,
 But presently skipped over the hill,
 And left me, standing still,
 With my hair undrest,
 And my heart like a bird in my breast!

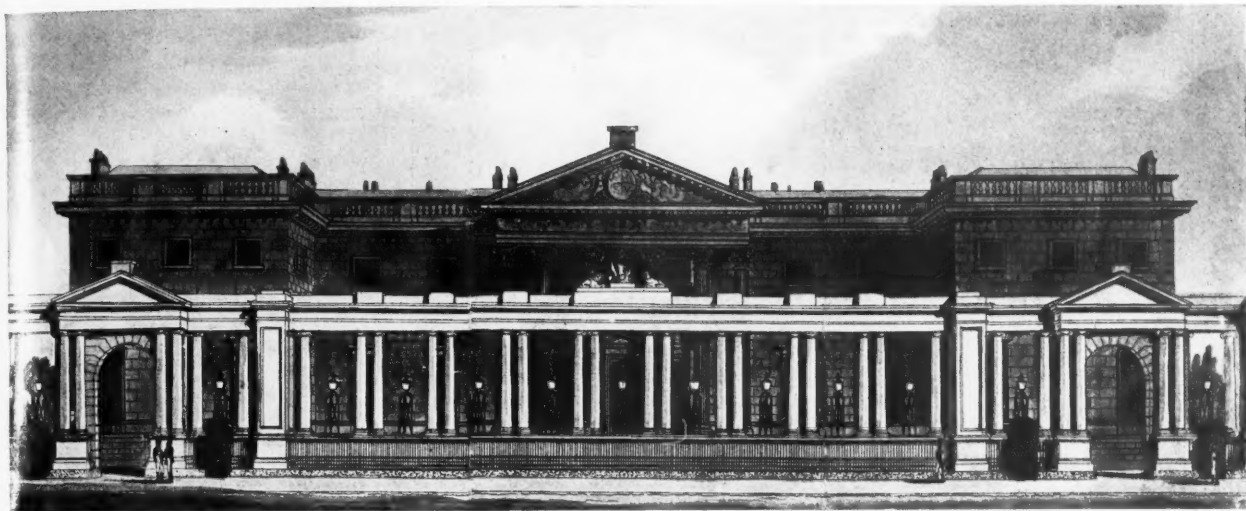
GRACE JAMES.

UP to now the English farmer has been pleased to think that, whatever may happen as regards other branches of his industry, he has a monopoly of the milk trade. The articles that have been appearing in "The Agricultural Market Report" do not justify his confidence. As a matter of fact, a considerable amount of milk is imported into this country in the shape of sweetened and unsweetened whole milk and sweetened separated milk. The trade is seasonal in character, generally appearing to threaten strong competition with the farmers in winter, but in spring dwindling back to its old proportion: Denmark, Holland and France are concerned. There is always the chance that operations of this kind will develop and threaten the home supply. Cream comes in large quantities from abroad, and the dairy farmer would do wisely to think out a plan for meeting this insidious competition. Switzerland alone sent 360,000 cwt. of sweetened whole condensed milk in 1913, and Canada sent us 210,000 cwt. Milk is sent in its natural state from Holland and Denmark. It is very undesirable that people should get into the habit of using either foreign milk, over the production of which they have no control, or milk substitute, but the best form of prevention is to see to it that the supply of milk in this country is full, clean and cheap.

LONDON STREETS AND THEIR RECENT BUILDINGS.—I

WATERLOO PLACE AND LOWER REGENT STREET

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

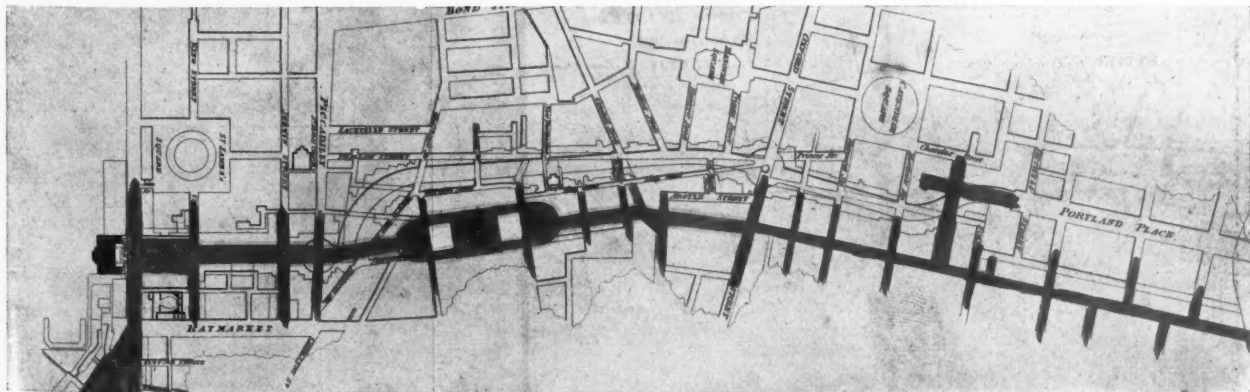


CARLTON HOUSE AND NASH'S SCREEN.

This formed a terminal feature facing Waterloo Place, at the foot of Lower Regent Street.

IN his recent life of Queen Victoria Mr. Lytton Strachey tells us George IV towards the end of his reign removed his stays and let his belly fall out for greater comfort. What little excuse the rest of his career offered for such satisfactions, the completion of his friend John Nash's great scheme for Regent Street and Regent's Park must have been for him an occasion of considerable personal triumph. Without moving out of doors he could view from the windows of Carlton House its start in Waterloo Place and Lower Regent Street, then called Waterloo Street, to Piccadilly Circus, then called Regent Circus. From this point its noble sweep onwards through the Quadrant is not visible, yet enough could be seen to show that Nash, at his master's bidding, had planned the first truly metropolitan street in London. We know with what skill and taste he lined his thoroughfare, nearly a mile in length, with a diversity of buildings designed as separate palatial blocks, yet united in one scheme, not only in material, but, what is much more important, in thought as well. When we remember that the rest of this, the best part of London, was then built in brick we can imagine the startling effect the new, glistening white stucco buildings, retreating and projecting in simple masses, articulated with an occasional pediment and bound together with colonnades, must have made upon the town. The street itself must have seemed like an internal avenue in some gigantic palace, now widening out into a court or circus, now contracting between projecting pavilions. On George IV's first ride, or more probably drive, it can hardly have seemed real. To his easily aroused imagination—the imagination which in his last years made him believe he led a charge at

Waterloo—it must have seemed the realisation of magic power. Aladdin's lamp never made anything half so wonderful. Even to-day, when we can only judge its effects from occasional stretches of low, plaster-covered buildings, with the plaster cracked and decaying and sadly wanting paint, we can feel its stately metropolitan air and feel, too, a smouldering anger against the clumsy blocks of modern stone buildings with which a democratic age is quickly yet surely hurrying it to destruction. It is not as if competition in commerce need have destroyed our finest street. There was and is ample power of control. The whole property on either side has always been Crown property. The difference lies in those who have administered it—the difference between Nash and his modern successors. Not that the latter have not tried. They have made several forcible-feeble attempts at obtaining a modern unity to replace the Late Georgian one. They have balanced one commonplace block by another; they have insisted on one level of main cornice. These are the best things they have done. Their worst was to allow one quarter of Piccadilly Circus to be removed and thereby let in the flood of vulgarity Shaftesbury Avenue brought in its train. The circus is no longer a circus, but three-quarters of a circus, with a shapeless projection at the other quarter into which all kinds of hideous things now penetrate. No wonder Gilbert, in placing his fountain, arranged that his delightful Eros should kick his heel in the direction of these atrocities. After this hopeless mangling of the circus the authorities—the Commissioners of Woods and Forests—seem to have been conscience-smitten, for they made, in more recent times, a serious effort to rebuild the Quadrant as one design. Here, however,



THE ORIGINAL PLAN FOR REGENT STREET.
From White's "London Improvements," 1815.



THE OLD: THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB.
Built by Nash in 1828, altered by Decimus Burton in 1858.



A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF WATERLOO PLACE.
Athenæum Club on the left, United Service Club on the right.



THE NEW: AT THE CORNER OF WATERLOO PLACE AND PALL MALL.

like all folk who do not really know their own minds, they went from one extreme to the other and tried to impose on the lessees a heavy monumental design which would have reduced the shops within it to insignificance. But more of this part later. The point I wish to make is this—and it must be amply clear to everyone who walks down modern Regent Street—that those of us who love London and the places where it has expressed itself most nobly are in process of losing one of their finest possessions. As lovers of architecture this means a great deal to us, not only in good things destroyed but in great opportunities missed. As simple taxpayers it means something, too, for the Crown estate is our own estate, and the highest development of Regent Street, even from a commercial point of view, is not to be found in the haphazard buildings which are now replacing the old architecture. The Regent Street the Empire knows and loves will lose its unique character, and with that will go, if it has not already gone, its shopping superiority. Already other districts further west, like the Brompton Road and Kensington High Street, are competing with it. If, in spite of its new and increased rentals it becomes a nondescript shopping street like Oxford Street—and it is well on the way to that—London and all of us will have lost both cash and credit too.

Let us go back, however, to the Duke of York's Column on the site of Carlton House and begin our perambulation. Here at any rate there is a great deal to see and admire. The spot is, perhaps, one of the best architecturally that London provides, and the great Doric column to an obscure royal duke one of the most nobly conceived and finely placed monuments that we have. The two levels have been well used to make a wide flight of steps between the two balancing portions of Carlton House Terrace, so that the column has a good approach in front and rear and is flanked either side by the terraces and their gardens, full of the wonderful feathery trees London gardens alone seem to produce. In front of the column—itsself a fitting terminal to Nash's great scheme when Carlton House was removed—lies Waterloo Place, the base court from which Regent Street springs. It is a long rectangle bisected by Pall Mall. To the south of that street facing the place are two simple rectangular blocks of building unadorned with great columns, yet, perhaps, the finest pair of buildings in town. To the left is the Greco-Roman Athenæum Club by Decimus Burton, and to the right is the purely Roman United Service Club by Nash himself. Neither can be described as a recent building, yet both are so good and satisfying and balance one another so well without being in any sense replicas, and form so strong a contrast with the duplicated modern buildings at the other end of the place, that they justify more than a passing reference. Both, too, are in stucco and show the fine possibilities of that



The Junior United Service Club.



British Columbia House.

THE OLD AND THE NEW: A CONTRAST IN LOWER REGENT STREET.

material when properly used and maintained. The former is delicately tinted so as to bring out all its beautiful detail, and the latter left with a cement finish which looks in the distance like stone. The Athenæum has had an attic storey added since its first appearance, to provide the smoking-rooms which the vulgar say the bishops would not allow on the lower floors. It has been quietly done and does not very materially affect the design. The United Service Club also has had some alterations made, and lately, but so skilfully have they been handled that the harmony of two buildings, as seen from the Duke of York's column, has not been touched. The unity of each building is enhanced by a great cornice emphasised from below by a modelled frieze; the Athenæum appropriately enough from the Parthenon and the United Service of armour and military emblems. The Athenæum has, further, a fine balcony with delicate cast-iron balusters running round it at the first floor level and crowned at the corners with tripods. All these features are appropriate decorations, emphasising the mass of the buildings without calling undue attention to themselves as great columns do unless used with great skill. To understand this clearly one has only to glance across Pall Mall to the two

modern blocks facing these clubs and both occupied by banks. At the time of writing, that on the right-hand side, for Messrs. Cox and Co., is not yet finished. Sufficient is to be seen through the scaffolding, however, to show that it will be very like that occupied by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. at the opposite corner. It will have the same unnecessary columns of that very difficult order, the Corinthian—an order which ages of less adventurous taste than ours generally avoided. These columns neither stand clear in porticoes nor are they engaged. The excuse for their existence on every face of the buildings, therefore, is difficult to find. They are just there, it seems, as so much dressing, and, being unfluted, are, in spite of their Corinthian caps, like clumsily made clothes. As if great columns all round the buildings were not enough, smaller ones are to be found to the windows, and minute ones—hardly grown up at all and consequently somewhat childish—to the doors. After the dignity of the Athenæum without any columns except the fluted Doric ones to its porticoed entrance, all these seem not only wasteful but detrimental. Let us give the Commissioners, however, the credit of insisting on balancing blocks both here and at the entrance to Regent Street higher up,



NASH'S HOUSE IN LOWER REGENT STREET.

even if they did not succeed in getting better ones. In Waterloo Place there is now very little to be seen of Nash's plaster buildings. On the left-hand side is one with Ionic columns standing clear, but the scale of the new buildings and its own want of paint make it look not a little sad. It is like some impoverished gentleman being pushed aside by wealthy parvenus.

The place itself contains several statues, particularly the lower end, including the most successful, still, of our war memorials, the Crimean one; while King Edward on horseback is surrounded by a series of generals and explorers well placed against the trees of the gardens of Carlton House Terrace. These latter, however, hardly come within our scope; but the Crimean monument, having recently been spoilt by the close addition of the statues of Florence Nightingale and Herbert Sydney on their Victorian polished pink granite pedestals and a large assemblage of lamp-posts, may be considered to do so. The fine figure of Peace at the top is now seen in the act of holding out wreaths in either hand to the lamp-posts of civilisation, cruelly regardless of the Lady of the Lamp and her friend in penitent attitudes in front of her.

A further pair of modern balancing stone blocks, this time not only with heavy unfluted Corinthian columns, but with widely spreading pediments too, closes Waterloo Place. These blocks, perhaps, are a little more interesting than those at the corners of Pall Mall, but they have the same endless array of becolumned and steeply pedimented windows and the same uninteresting and unindividualised detail. All these new buildings in Waterloo Place really look like exercises in the orders by youthful students who have not yet learnt to draw them with any refinement or character. It is pleasant to leave them behind and glance down Charles Street with its two interesting vistas: to the charming Haymarket Theatre in one direction, and in the other to that old bronze statue in its leafy bower in St. James's Square of William III as a Roman emperor on a prancing horse with a truly imperial tail.

The Regent Street, that now bears the name, begins on the other side of Charles Street with the great Italian plaster block of the Junior United Service Club, by Sir Robert Smirke, on the right-hand side, and the balancing modern stone block, called British Columbia House, immediately opposite it on the left. It is instructive to compare them. Both have the same cornice level and both have a bay window projection facing one another on their Regent Street fronts. They are alike therefore in general shape and mass, yet the older one, in spite of its unpainted plaster, looks twice the man the new one does. It is all a matter of scale and wall space. The scale of the older is of a giant in comparison. Yet the new tries very hard to make up. There is a little carving to every window, and the top sashes are divided with a lot of bars to make them more interesting. Futile struggles; in architecture many a mickle does not make a muckle. The old, with its simplicity and its great cornice and frieze, wins all the time.

Nos. 5 to 9 on the left-hand side are a large quiet block of rubbed red brick and terra-cotta; but these materials, however well treated, should not have been allowed in our one monumental street. On the opposite side we have left a considerable stretch of Nash's plaster building in which the variety of shape he gives to his blocks, without destroying their essential unity,

can well be seen. There is the block from No. 14 to No. 16, with its recessed courtyard, in which he lived himself, the great first-floor windows indicating the picture and sculpture galleries in which this successful Georgian architect received his clients. In Nos. 8 to 10 on the same side we see how Nash used columns, detached and thereby serving a purpose, in small porticoes, as an accent in his design rather than as a garment for the whole building. When he wished to give a rich clothing for a whole façade he generally used pilasters like the flat fluted ones with strange ammonite caps to Nos. 17 to 25. Another small range of columns, very effectively used, is that supporting the flank of No. 14 to Carlton Street, thereby allowing the building above to project over the pavement of the secondary street and leave consequently a larger façade to the main street. All these buildings have delicately drawn ironwork in balconies and railings which must have looked charming against the fresh stucco when the latter was new and clean.

Opposite Carlton Street is a modern building called Carlton House, perhaps the least successful of all the new ones, and with its two corner turrets and domes it is altogether too prominent. It is a kind of great stone greenhouse, in which the poor architect has striven hard to give the maximum of glass and then to hide the fact by dividing it up with as heavy bars as possible. Every client should understand that there is a limit to the amount of openings in a front wall which a building can stand and remain a substantial structure worthy of a fine position. York House, the great plaster block next door, recently the Junior Army and Navy Stores, and before that the Continental Hotel of more exciting associations, is, because of this very fact, a much more dominating and powerful building. It has the necessary weight and solidity for proper effect.

With Jermyn Street we have a small, inoffensive stone building, occupied by Barclay's Bank, and a rather poor one on the opposite side, occupied by Messrs. Elkington, but relieved by a good gilt clock face projecting from the wall and adding picturesqueness to the street. Then we have facing one another two original buildings by Nash, each with a couple of semicircular bay windows for shops. As we have seen, Nash, having securely determined the line of his street by his main masses, obtained great effect by small projecting blocks, and of them, those round bay windows, so admirable for the display of small goods, are among the most delightful, especially when finished, as those on the left-hand side are, with an enriched cornice with a fanciful but delightful cresting over it.

We come now to the poor wreck of the Circus, with one quarter amputated and a good deal of indecency thereby exposed. It is rumoured that the Commissioners have asked a group of distinguished architects to prepare designs for its inevitable new buildings, but what they can do is a mystery, unless they can restore the missing link and block up Shaftesbury Avenue. Obviously this cannot now be done. We cannot undo Victorian improvements. That is the worst of them—their dreadful permanence, their vested interests, and their convenience for our great lumbering motor omnibuses. Graceful forms, like circuses, quadrants and crescents, were meant for more graceful vehicles and a more leisurely mode of life. The circus will have to go in all but name. It has practically gone already. Let us hope the great architects will find something else, interesting and strong if not so graceful, to take its place.

THE MIND OF ANIMALS.—X

THE MIND OF THE ANT.

BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, LL.D., UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

WHEN we pass from the study of dogs and horses to the study of ants and bees, we seem at first to have entered a new world. It is the sphere of instinctive behaviour, so different from our more or less intelligent behaviour that we find it difficult to breathe. As we shall see, there are gleams of intelligence among ants and bees, but the great bulk of the everyday behaviour is instinctive, and very purely instinctive. That means that these insects have a large number of ready-made inborn capacities for doing apparently clever things—capacities which are equally shared by all members of the species of the same sex. What they do requires no learning, though it may be perfected by practice. What they do has usually a certain rigidity or stereotypedness, which often leads to extraordinary futility when there is a slight change in the external circumstances. The procession-caterpillars which have been coerced by the Italian schoolboy into a circle, persist in obeying their instinct to go straight on, with the head of one

touching the tail of another. So, as Fabre showed, they may go circumambulating futilely for days, without enough intelligence to break the spell. "Ils ne savent rien de rien." This is not to say that there are not occasional variations and plasticities in instinctive behaviour, as in everything else.

This capacity for instinctive behaviour depends on inborn, hereditary prearrangements of nerve-cells and muscle-cells, like those which enable a young mammal to suck its mother a few minutes after birth, like those which enable a nestling to open its bill whenever the mother touches it with food, like those which enable us to cough or sneeze. The actions just mentioned are *reflex actions*, and instinctive behaviour, physiologically regarded, consists of a concatenation of reflex actions, A pulling the trigger of B, and B of C, and so on. But, psychologically regarded, instinctive activities seem to have behind them a certain degree of awareness and a definite desire or longing. The evidence for this interpretation will come later.

THE ANT'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

Darwin spoke of the ant's brain as the most marvellous atom of matter in the world—it is such a rich repertory of ready-made tricks. Let us select a few illustrations. Professor Wheeler has recently shown that certain kinds of ants make a door into the swollen leaf-stalks of a leguminous tree in the Guianas, and take up their abode inside, rushing out angrily when danger threatens. They hold their own against thief-ants and leaf-cutter ants and other enemies, but the most interesting fact is that they bring mealy-bugs into their shelter and utilise them as cows. The mealy-bugs suck the sap of an amber-coloured tissue that grows inside the petioles and the ants milk the mealy-bugs. It is a triple alliance of ants and tree and mealy-bugs.

There is in Southern Europe a baker ant that collects seeds of leguminous plants such as vetches. Unlike most seed-collecting ants, which prevent germination by biting off the embryo or, as some say, by injecting formic acid, this baker ant allows a certain amount of sprouting underground. This bursts the hard seed-envelopes and also allows of a certain amount of fermentation. At a certain point the ants stop the germination by taking the seeds into the sunshine to dry. They then take them underground again, chew them into paste, cut this into little discs, and dry these in the sun. In other words, they make biscuits, and these are laid by for a rainy day. The most striking fact, perhaps, is the concatenation—collecting, taking underground, allowing to sprout, stopping the germination by exposure to the sun, taking underground again, chewing, cutting, baking in the sun, storing—a long chain of processes, which follow one another with the regularity of automatism. This is exceedingly characteristic of instinctive behaviour.

The queens and workers among the Amazon ants are militarist aristocrats. They are good fighters, but they cannot burrow, or obtain food, or tend the young. Indoors they are absolutely dependent on their auxiliaries or slaves, but outside "they display a dazzling courage and capacity for concerted action." An Amazon queen was introduced by Professor Emery into a colony of brown ants. She slew the brown queen and was enthroned in her stead. In two years she had a large family or following of Amazon workers who had never been outside the walls. In early days the browns treated these as if they were pets and would not let them take even an airing; but as the Amazons became more numerous they became restless and could not be repressed. They issued forth in slave-making raids, bringing home young brown ants. A solitary scout, working in a new world, was seen to enter a nest of brown ants, attack a crowd of workers, seize a cocoon, and carry it home. Such is the marvel of instinctive behaviour—its perfection without previous experience.

The leaf-cutter ants of Tropical South America make what are for them long journeys to a suitable tree; they very deftly cut off a segment of a leaf and holding it over their shoulder march home. The pieces of leaf are taken into the underground city and chewed into a pulp by indoor workers. This is used as a medium on which to grow a particular kind of fungus which forms the sole sustenance of the ants when they are underground. We get a glimpse of what instinct is when we picture these underground workers chewing and chewing for dear life, making a sort of mushroom-bed for their precious mould which is not known to grow anywhere else. But we get another glimpse of what instinct is when we notice that if a leaf-cutting ant on its way home with a leaf on its back knocks badly against some obstacle and loses hold of its leaf, it cannot pick it up again; but must continue on its journey to the nest. Physically, nothing would be easier than to look for the lost piece of leaf and shoulder it again, but organically this is impossible. Instinct must have its way! We get a third and almost startling glimpse of instinct—unless perchance it is intelligence—when we learn that a queen ant leaving the underground city on her nuptial flight takes with her in a hollow beneath her mouth a tiny pellet of the precious mould, so that when she settles down and has offspring, and starts a new community, there is some of the mould available to start a new culture whenever the bed of chewed leaf is ready. This is one of the most extraordinary stories in the whole range of instinctive behaviour. We see, then, that instinctive behaviour, in its more complex expressions, consists of a linked series of actions conspiring to a definite and vitally important result (for there are no instincts which are not vitally significant); that there is no learning and no need of apprenticeship; and that there is a distinct limitation in its stereotyped perfection.

WHAT BESIDES INSTINCTS?

What is there in the ant's behaviour besides the unwinding of the gramophone of instinct? The sensory equipment is

at a high level—except as regards hearing. There are fine compound eyes, which are able to perceive ultra-violet rays; there are abundant olfactory, tactile, and gustatory bristles, especially about the head. Thus there are many gateways of knowledge, through which tidings from the outer world, including kindred, are continually being submitted to headquarters.

Prolonged and painstaking studies of the "homing" of ants have made it quite clear that the little people are able to register useful experiences. Within a certain radius of the nest, ants can find their way home, even when they have been lifted up and dropped down, and even when the country is almost as difficult as a tropical jungle. In some cases they follow hints given by illumination; in many cases they seem to utilise prominent landmarks; in most cases, perhaps, they hit upon their own trail, which is detected by scent; and some experiments point to a kinæsthetic sense—that is to say, a registration of the movements they made in reaching a certain place. This recalling of muscular movements is familiar to us in certain forms of Blind-Man's-Buff, and when we try to retrace our steps in a hazardous place on a pitch-dark night. There are strange cases of "homing" in ants which do not seem to be explicable by any of the methods we have mentioned, but it is safe to say that in most cases the ants learn the topography of their region, and register the facts of their experience. Whether we should call it "memory" or not is a matter of opinion.

An incident reported by a good observer suggests a more particular memory and also a power of communicating news. One forenoon he took home a nest of common ants and their cocoons, enclosed in a carefully tied handkerchief, and deposited it in a room on the second storey, meaning to give his caged birds a treat. On returning in the afternoon from a walk, he found that the house had been invaded by legions of Amazon ants, which had made their way upstairs, pillaged the handkerchief, and carried off the cocoons. The probability is that a wandering Amazon scout had discovered (or had perhaps escaped from) the captured nest of common ants, and had carried the news home. In any case there was a prompt and resolute raid.

HINTS OF INTELLIGENCE.

From what we have said in regard to instinctive behaviour it must be plain that intelligence should be looked for in exceptional cases where there is some departure from routine. Similarly in human life, where instinctive behaviour in the strict sense is rare, and has its place taken by individual habituation of originally intelligent actions, we look for intelligence not in the smoothly-working habituations, but in cases where the habitual routine is departed from. It must be borne in mind that instinctive behaviour does not require to be learned, whereas intelligent behaviour does; that instinctive behaviour is based on inborn hereditary predispositions and neuromuscular linkages, whereas intelligent behaviour is based on experiment and perceptual inference. It is not open to anyone to define "instinct" and intelligence for himself. The terms have their recognised connotations which must be respected.

Mr. Belt tells how leaf-cutting ants made a track across a tramway line, with the result that numbers were always being killed by the wagons. After a while, however, they made a tunnel underneath each rail. When he blocked the tunnels with stones they made new ones. We hear the note of intelligence.

When ants on the march come to a band of pitch they may persist so strenuously that a gangway is made of their dead bodies. Sometimes they drop what they are carrying and thus a bridge is gradually formed by which the band of workers or the marching army can cross. In these cases the problem solves itself, and we do not speak of intelligence; but there are cases where the ants have been seen making the bridge over the fatal obstacle, e.g., by dumping down pellets of earth, or using a straw as a plank, or, even, using their cows, the aphides, as materials. The army ants often form a living chain down which hundreds hurry from a branch to the ground, but this is so common that it may be regarded as now forming part of the instinctive repertory. Our plea for recognising intelligence is based on exceptional cases, such as crossing water on a raft. Of these intelligent departures from routine there are several striking instances comparable to the bridge-making we have mentioned.

In our own experience we know that an action which demanded, to begin with, intelligent control at every turn, may become habitual, requiring almost no attention. So some naturalists and psychologists have supposed that instinctive capacities are the hereditary results of the habituation of what was to start with intelligence. On this view, instinct is "lapsed

intelligence." There are great difficulties in the way of this theory; thus we are not at present justified in assuming that individually acquired dexterities can be handed on to the offspring, either as such or in any representative degree. The most probable theory is the difficult one, that instinctive capacities were built up by the hereditary accumulation of germinal variations like those which led to the structural basis of reflex actions. A germinal variation may express itself in the body as an improvement in the brain and in the neuromuscular linkages. This will work out in life as an increased efficiency of behaviour. Where the intelligence comes in is in the individual's playing of the cards which his inheritance has placed in his hands. That is to say, the rôle of intelligence in predominantly instinctive animals is in trying and testing the new departures during the period when the instinct is being established and entailed.

The common tailor ants of the Tropics unite in co-operative bands to draw leaves together to make a nest. When they have drawn two leaves close to one another the problem is to fix them. A number of ants hold them firmly, while others go to the nest and bring out larvæ, from whose mouth there issues a gluey secretion. The ant dabs the mouth of the larva on the edges of the juxtaposed leaves and the secretion fixes them. This using of the larvæ as gum-bottles is nowadays part of the instinctive routine; but it is difficult to see how the instinct could be established without intelligent experiments.

Moreover, we have pointed to instances which suggest that intelligence may occasionally take the reins which are normally left in the hands of instinct. Moreover, we are making throughout the monistic assumption—very difficult, we confess, to substantiate—that instinctive behaviour has always a psychological background, that it is suffused with dim or clear awareness, and that it is backed by endeavour.

An ant in good form may be compared to a locomotive with steam up, though the comparison soon breaks down. It is an intricate organisation of potential energy, both chemical and physical. We do not say "mechanism," since it has not been shown that the ant's behaviour can be adequately re-described in terms of matter and motion. We cannot give a mechanical or dynamical re-description of what occurs when an ant moves its feeler in response to the proximity of food;

but there is an organisation of potential energy ready to go off when the whistle is sounded. In the course of ages the number of effective whistles has been increased, for an ant is more responsive than an earthworm, yet the creature is able to eliminate false whistles, for it would be very unprofitable if every stimulus set the wheels agoing. More than that, the instinctive animal is like a locomotive that can move only on certain rails—the pre-arranged or enregistered neuromuscular sequences, whereas an intelligent animal is like a freely-moving automobile that does not require rails. It is plain that there are advantages and disadvantages in rails or instincts. They facilitate swift action, but they offer no alternatives.

If we pursue our dangerous simile a little further, what is the power that pulls the lever that lets the steam on? A common answer to-day is "the gastric urge" or "sexual tumescence"—the physiological aspects of the old-fashioned hunger and love. Personally we cannot believe that the two aspects are separable—the appetite and the desire, though sometimes the one aspect may be more prominent and sometimes the other. Even in man the "gastric urge" may be so strong that the hunger of the soul cannot be detected, as in the case of the Cretans of whom St. Paul so frankly said, their God is their belly. But even in insects this is not the whole story, for some who have studied them deeply speak, for instance, of such qualities as "inquisitiveness" and "determination," in which the note of mind is sounded.

Here we wish to make a suggestion which is at least worthy of consideration. Most of the marvels of ant behaviour are exhibited not by the males and females, but by the workers, which are normally non-reproductive females. Is there not some likelihood that the inhibition of direct reproductivity and the associated sex-instincts is immediately correlated with the extraordinary development of the kin-instinct and the social-instinct? Think of the devotion of the sterile workers to mothering the young; of the tendency to keep partners and pets; even of the Amazon ants making raids to capture the babies of other ants. Perhaps a good deal of the "altruism" of the ants is the expression of transformed, diffused and sublimated sex appetencies. This is Nature's way to make the apparently new out of the very old.

LAWN TENNIS: RUNNING BEFORE WALKING

"HIT the ball into court!"—it is not so long ago that that was the answer invariably given to the enquiring beginner; and it was odds that some greybeard would then clear his throat to enforce silence and observe sententiously, "The first thing to do at Lawn Tennis is to hit the ball over the net"; and he would add that you must *walk* before you can *run*. The greybeard could—and usually did—quote authority for his first pronouncement; no less a personage than Wilfred Baddeley has given much the same advice and though he qualified it with a reminder to keep as good a length as possible, length was obviously a secondary consideration. To-day the beginner would be told to hit the ball hard, and leave accuracy to be acquired later. Which is the right method? The advocates of the older system can say that when it was practised Englishmen used to win Championships and that they do so no longer; and can be told in answer that they do not win them because they still practise it. So we are not much further.

The study of champions is no guide. We would call Mr. Gore a hard and Mr. H. L. Doherty an accurate hitter, and the description would be true enough as long as it was not taken to imply that Mr. Gore was not accurate and that Mr. Doherty was not severe. The champion has to be both and no one knows how he started because it would not be until he had shaken himself free from the ruck that he would attract attention. Moreover, what champions do does not matter; a champion has a natural power of hitting the ball and it will assert itself if he hits at a ball long enough. You do not notice anything exceptional in the ordinary return made by a champion in a rally; what you do notice—if you are the sort of person who looks—is that the ball has presented itself in such an easy position that you could hit it hard yourself and very probably in. The champion may hit it hard or he may make the gentlest drop off it—you do not know which, and neither does his opponent, until the racket is on the ball. He has one stroke—the stroke dictated by the ball—for both hard and soft hits. Watch a beginner and the impression is very different. For the hard hit there is determination in his jaw, menace in his eye, effort in his pose; for the soft, there is infinite craft in his hunched shoulders and a

complete absence of swing. It is a different stroke. The beginner thinks it necessary to learn two ways of approaching the ball for hits which differ from one another only in the pace applied to it, and that he has to unlearn. Often he does unlearn it, but is it necessary that he should have to take the trouble? When he follows the old system, a hard hit is a great adventure—something for which special preparations have to be made—something abnormal. The great advantage of adopting the new system is that the hard hit is not abnormal. At lawn tennis—except with the few—walking does not lead imperceptibly to running; it is a different movement and tends to become stereotyped.

There are certain highly gifted people who, to begin with, take up such a natural position in hitting at the ball that to hit it harder is merely a matter of practice. With them—spectators feel—that the natural thing to do with a ball is to hit it. But is not that what comes natural also to people who are not highly gifted? They differ from the first much more in capacity to hit straight than in capacity to hit hard. The village blacksmith is proverbially a hard hitter at another game; if you take from him his pull over mid-on's head you take from him all that he has got. Similarly with the beginner at lawn tennis; allowance made for age and strength, once he has got the feel of the racket he can slog the ball across the ground to about as great a distance as the comparative expert, who would beat him six-love in a game—for in that direction, also, would have to be taken into account. The objection then to telling the beginner to concentrate on getting the ball into court—which implies hitting it gently—is that you deprive him of the one gift he does possess and you leave him to replace it later on, if he can. Often he cannot; you see strong men, who have learned to control the ball, quite unable to hit with the same free swing and snap of the wrist with which they would have slogged it to the other end of the field before they had studied caution. If the beginner is taught that there must be a certain amount of power behind the stroke for it to count, there is a chance that he will retain the freedom of the slogger while learning accuracy as he comes to take up automatically the positions which enable him to hit at the ball so that the racket will "follow through" on the

line the ball is to take. The objection to beginning with the hard hit is that it is not more amusing than the soft—as one would think—but less. The player who begins in this way must resign himself to going short of rallies. What is worse, he will find it

difficult to secure an opponent who is keen on a game. It is not entertaining to stand still while one ball pitches in the most distant corner of the court, while the next three fly out. One remedy is to pat up against a wall. E. E. M.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

BY CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE opening of the Naval and Military Tournament has tended of recent years to be also the unofficial opening of the London season; or is it contrariwise, and really the Tournament is timed to coincide with the other and therefore, more important event? Anyhow, it is the first big function to which we are drawn, and by association it arouses visions of those exacting ameliorations of London life that henceforward descend upon us. After all, it is only right that the Services should have priority in entertaining us over the Turf, garden parties and other forms of athletics, especially as they give us such real pleasure. The ingredients of a Naval and Military Tournament are always of three sorts. There is the real tournament, or competition, part, which varies from day to day, and is of the most importance to soldiers and sailors, the more technical preliminary rounds of which are worked off in the mornings. Then there are the set pieces—the same every year—musical rides by the R.H.A. and Household Cavalry—which contend for our favouritism with the third, Pageantry section, each year producing a new form of it.

The setting this year principally consists of an extended St. James's Palace, a huge representation of the tower occupying one end of the arena, though a great painted scene of the Battle of the Nile fills the other, both being inspired by the more important displays—namely, the costume Changing of the Guard in 1790 and the Naval Pageant. A third and very diverting display is a series of duels, also in costume, by members of the Army Physical Training Staff illustrating the different modes of single combat that have at various times been resorted to by our ancestors, though boxing, of which presumably the patrons of Olympia have recently had their fill, is not reckoned as a method in which with probability our ancestors engaged, for it is left out.

Among the items of the first classification with which we were treated when I paid my visit was a round of the Royal Navy and Royal Marine inter-port field gun competition, in which two teams make a raid into enemy territory, over a river

30ft. broad with a wall on either side, having to get their gun and limber over and back by means of hawsers and spars. It was after a similar display many years ago that an old lady was being initiated into the mysteries of "behind the scenes" when she came upon one of the guns used. You probably remember what she said, for it is a very old story. "I knew there was some deception," she said, pointing at the barrel; "these things are hollow!" Even if the competitors have to concede that their guns are hollow, it is none the less a remarkable display of team work, only rivalled by an R.E. display of bridge building, which came after it, a footbridge (the light Inglis bridge) being constructed with amazing dexterity out of a couple of G.S. wagonfuls of uncompromising looking tripods and iron tubes.

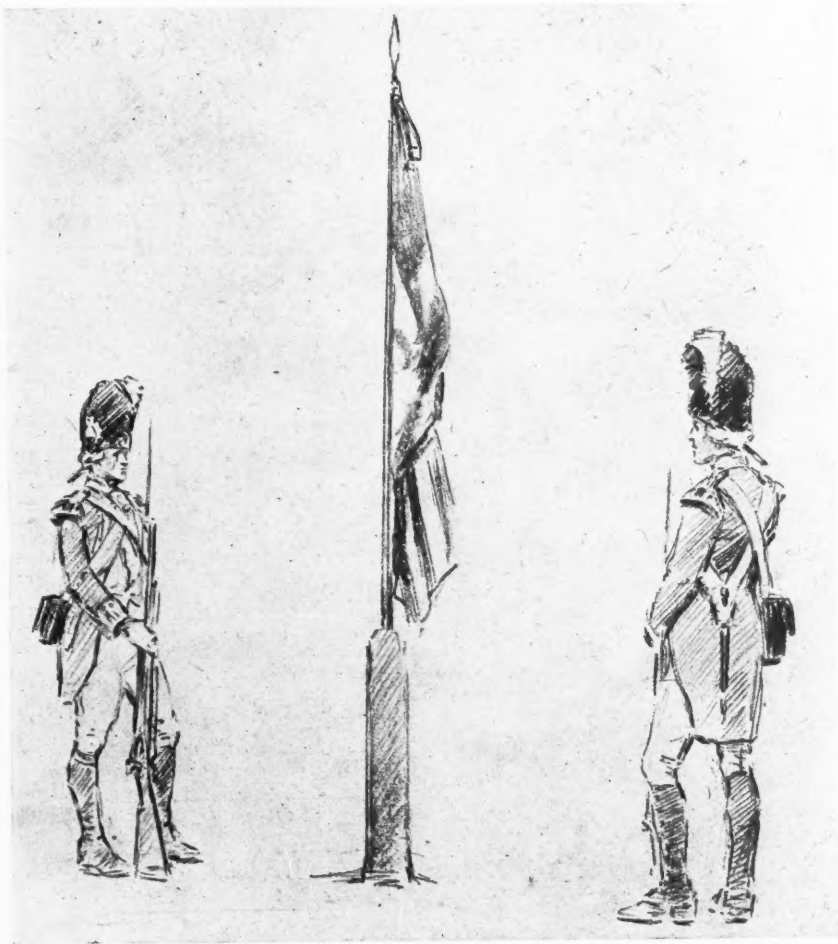
One cannot say that he particularly wished to join in in either of these events, or even to be in a position to do so, but when a squad from the Royal Naval School of Recreational Training came in and began climbing about on a beautiful circle of ropes, kindly let down from the flag-decked Infinite for that purpose, one manly bosom in the audience at least impelled its owner to leap the balustrade and ask if he might have a go at it too. Perhaps this unaccountable enthusiasm was aroused by the rhythmic movements of the climbers—they ascended and descended like angles in Jacob's dream to an equally dreamy waltz from the band. Debarred from taking part in this fascinating recreation, my disappointment found vent in determining to suggest to the authorities a comic display for next year, in which a squad from the more recreational departments of the Civil Service should be set the same task; costume—the regulation billycock with hooked umbrella.

Of the two musical rides that followed it is hard to pick a favourite. To the present writer, perhaps, the R.H.A. gave the most pleasure, and as the teams careered in and out, words of a once familiar song recurred:

Gee whiz, bang! Those fellows could ride
Through the eye of a needle without touching the side.

Slightly similar evolutions, certainly not at Olympia, used to cause him infinite anxiety some years ago. He could therefore appreciate the amazing manner in which none of the teams collided, none of the wheels got inextricably mixed up with the wheels of the next door carriages, and above all, the absence of "leg over traces." As a matter of fact, there was one right at the end when the battery ("O" Battery, by the way) drew up in close column of sub-sections facing the Royal box; but it was the horse's fault (as, indeed, we always thought it was), this particular horse endeavouring to show his loyalty, as his riders were doing, by raising his near foreleg in a salute.

The 1st Life Guards' musical ride was opened by a very beautiful entry which Mr. Edwards has painted for us, when, led by the drummer on his piebald charger with two trumpeters, and heralded by a superb fanfare from the music gallery, the cavalcade advanced with pennons fluttering from out of the great archway of the St. James's Clock Tower. There is a vulgar error very prevalent that the horses in the musical ride are a kind of performing seal which would probably do even better if those great heavy men were not on their backs. Nor, to be quite honest, are we surprised at the error, for the aids are applied so perfectly and unobtrusively that it is difficult even for a watchful eye to see them. Of course the horses have had as



COLOUR GUARD, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, 1790.
Display by the Brigade of Guards.

much practice as the riders, and understand the aids, but it is a silly thing to praise the horse rather than the skill of its rider. As to the actual convolutions, a critical person might have wished for less "follow my leader" figures, and closer attention by the band.

The Change of Guard in the costume of 1790 is no doubt the most impressive part of the Tournament. The ceremonial is practically the same as you can see any morning in the Friary Court, and many parts of it are of a considerably earlier date than 1790. The officers' march, for instance, dates at the latest from George II's time, when in-sobriety was so common at that hour among the officers that the King had them to walk up and down with their swords at the carry to see if they were pretty steady. The exhibition of antique drill, especially the delightfully automatic second movement from the order to the shoulder arms, remind one a little of the *Chauve Souris*' "March of the Wooden Soldiers," as, of course, it should. Both the similarity and the illusion that we were back in "good King George's glorious days" were heightened by the charming music, played by an accompanying band on instruments mainly woodwind (including the serpentine) and horns, with, of outstanding attraction, three blackamoors, one with a drum, another with a tambourine, and a third with the "Turkish Bells," a contraption that is played by the hands being pressed into the breast, causing the bells above to shake, and the musician to look up, and thereby to roll his eyes in a most heathenish manner. The selections played were appropriate—Handel's "Scipio" March for the slow march and "Beggar's Opera" selections during the ceremonial, though *à propos* the latter we venture to wonder what would have been played, say, three years ago, before Messrs. Playfair and Austin popularised Gay's collection of old airs.

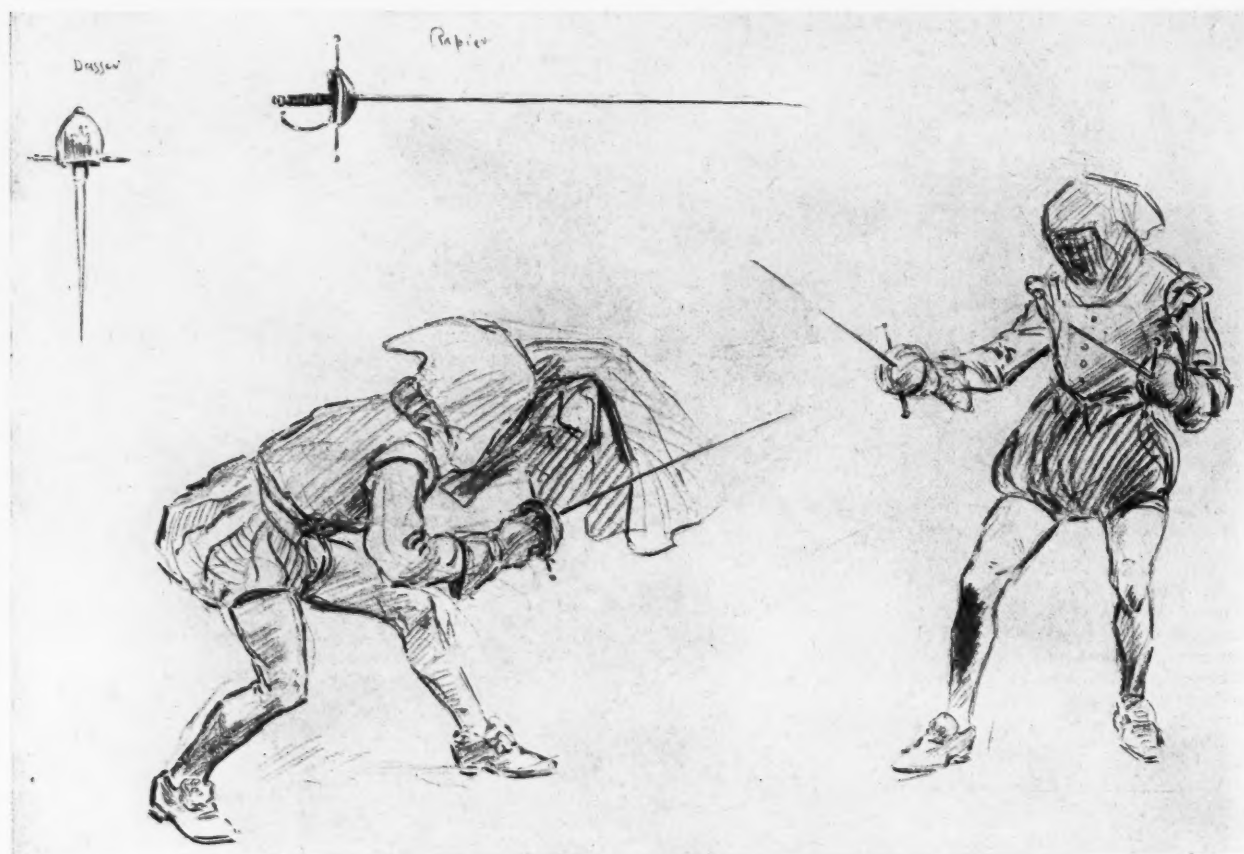
Before the eagerly awaited pageant arrived we were beguiled by a troop of motley garbed fellows who shortly developed a



SWORD AND BUCKLER COMBAT.

number of quarrels *à la Po-trance* among themselves. A lady, of course, was in one of them—an affair about a rose, which provoked two gentlemen, presumably Spanish (in the golden age), to give a display of rapier and dagger *v.* rapier and cloak. The *retiarus* eventually won, throwing his cloak over his adversary's head. But we liked best the more hearty and clownish bouts of the sword and buckler men, dressed like Robin Hood, and Little John, though it is doubtful whether Robin Hood who is generally thought to have been a thirteenth century gentleman, would have used a steel buckler and not a leather targe, like a Highland one. The steel buckler came in more towards 1400, and not, we believe, much earlier.

There are two ways of understanding the word Pageant. One is how Mr. Louis N. Parker interprets it, namely, the subjective way, with real horses, ships, armies and whatever is wanted. The other is Mr. Puff's way in the *Critic*, where, you remember,



RAPIER AND CLOAK VERSUS RAPIER AND DAGGER.

Thames has to "enter between his banks; ever as you live, Thames, go between your banks." That is the objective method, a derivation from the seventeenth century Masques, where no attempt at realism was aimed at, but just a procession of emblematic figures. To enjoy the Olympia pageant as you should, you must forget you are in London, in the season, where your realistic degeneration is pandered to on all hands. Think, rather, of what the men are who are doing it for you—bluff British tars, handier at turning in a deadeye, or splicing a main brace (if they still have those things in the Navy), than at cutting spectacular capers. Think how it is amusing them rather than you. If not, you may be disappointed by the procession of ships, which

with immense gusto by the crews of the respective craft. A harmless tramp steams into view with the grizzled skipper on the bridge and the second officer (we will call him) at his side. Then the U boat opens fire, the second officer is struck, hits are secured with every round, the skipper's juvenile voice, as he yells hideous imprecations at the pirates (at which, however, the most modest could not take offence), pipes and whistles in its sound; the crew rush up from below panic stricken, the stoker in his vest and grime; they man the dinghy and pull away, as awful clouds of smoke belch through the open hatches, and the good ship is apparently left to her fate. The submarine heaves to and then—the band plays "Rule Britannia," or ought to, traps fly open



ENTRY OF MUSICAL RIDE, 1st LIFE GUARDS.

is an excellent idea, but not at all effectively carried out from the point of view of impressiveness. The Fleet manoeuvres by flag-signals is a perfect up-to-date repetition of Mr. Puff's "magnificence," and almost as foolish. Moreover, the ships should only obey the admiral's signal after his flag has dropped. Here the movements are so instantaneous with the falling of the signal that the general public cannot suspect that they are made in obedience to the flags that go up and down on the mast at one end of the arena. A little more pause is required, dramatically, though no doubt in practice this smartness is correct.

Of this part of the Tournament the battle between a Q boat and a U boat is easily the most effective, and is carried through

and guns appear, ensigns are hoisted and the Huns up with their hands, amid thunderous plaudits. As a finale all the cast, with machines, are martialled and Britannia on a triumphal car surveys the progress of her Navy thus depicted and brings the Tournament to an end.

A special word of praise must be given to whoever selected the music throughout the afternoon. They were all well known, stirring tunes, at least two-thirds of which were Sullivan's. Whether it was the R.H.A. walking to the Peer's chorus in "Iolanthe," or a minelayer sowing depth charges to "Down among the Dead Men," it was always admirably suited both by time and, what the writers on opera call, argument to the business in hand.



1.—DOVER CASTLE FROM THE NORTH.

The anti-Napoleon glacis in the foreground; behind the mediæval ditch and fortifications; to the left the church and pharos: to the right the keep and inner ward walls.

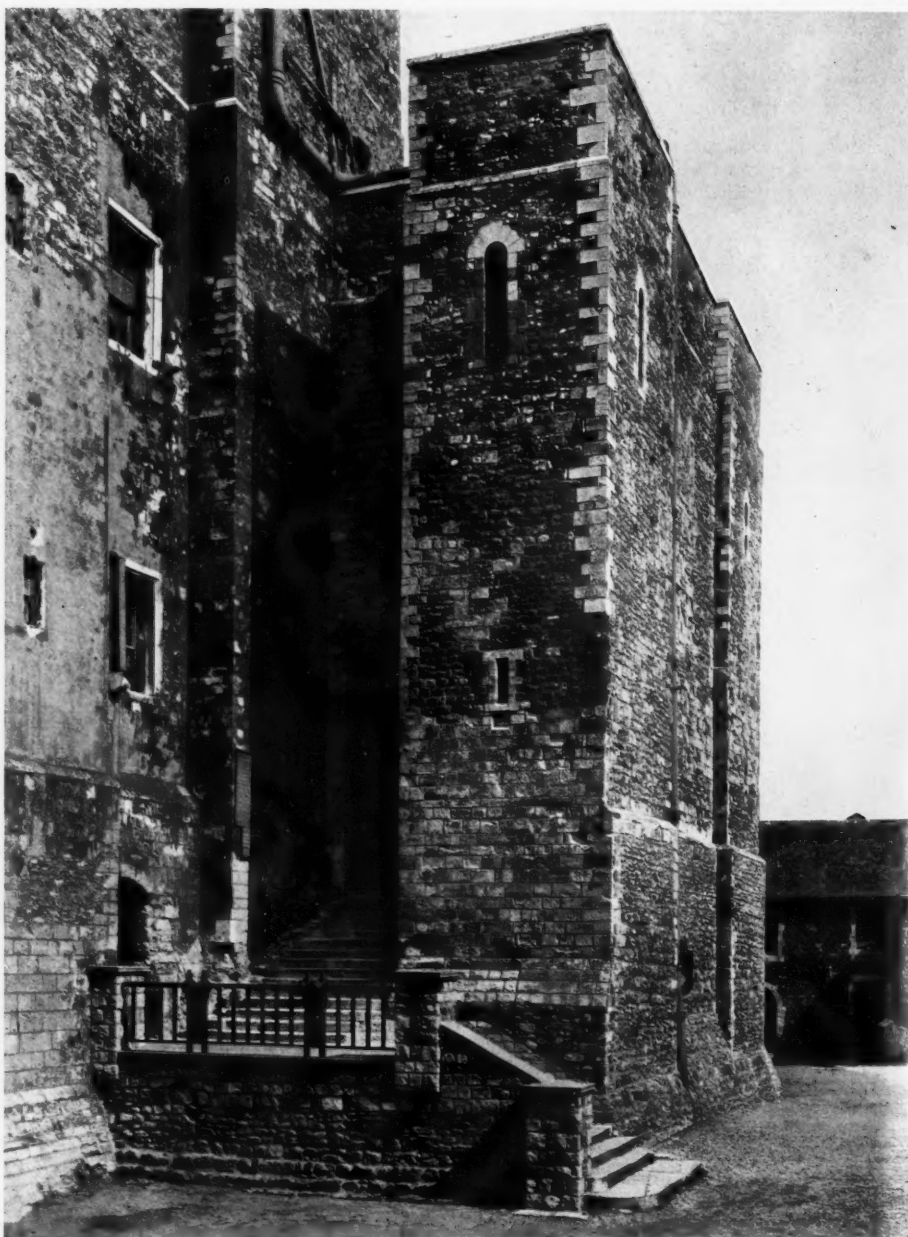
DOVER CASTLE.—I

ROMAN, SAXON AND NORMAN TIMES.

"It is the key of England," cried the Constable of Dover Castle at the moment of great national peril which occurred in 1217, and others, before and after him, have held that view and acted in accordance with it. In B.C. 55 Julius Cæsar passed Dover by as offering too dangerous a landing place. In 1804, when Napoleon prepared an invasion, Dover Castle, bristling with the newest forms of defence, was the head and front of the scheme of fortification that secured the Kentish Coast. In the intervening centuries it was an active centre for offence and defence in times of war, while in times of peace it saw the arrival and departure of sovereigns and embassies, leading statesmen and Church dignitaries. And all these events, all these personalities, ancient, mediæval and modern, find their material counterpart in the Castle's substance. The brick of the Romans meets the brick of the barrack builder of to-day. The rough flint walling of the Saxons is incorporated with the more ambitious dress coigned work of the Normans. The windows of the first Plantagenet are nearly all superseded by those of the second Tudor, and the latter are themselves mostly superseded by the sash of the eighteenth century and the pseudo-Elizabethan mullioning of the nineteenth. The Castle is an epitome of our architecture as it is of our political and social history.

Springs rising at the foot of the chalk hills some half dozen miles inland meet to form the little River Dour, which has cut a narrow valley between the high ground that ends with Dover cliffs. The river's outlet formed some sort of a natural harbour, but the movement of pebble at that stormy corner of the coast made the outlet shifting and uncertain. The struggle to

keep it open and useful as a harbour against the strong natural forces forms as important a part of the history of the place as



2.—THE KEEP FOREBUILDING.

The steps are seen rising up to the lower vestibule and chapel. The round-headed window is that of the upper chapel robing room.

the effort to adapt the Castle to resist ever advancing methods of offence. They are part of the same scheme and keep pace with each other. The increase in size of ships called for bigger harbour works. The development of the military arts led to strengthening and extension of the fortifications. Cæsar, sailing across the Channel to the nearest and most conspicuous point, found a convenient strand, and the sea running, estuarily, up the mouth of the Dour. But it seemed to him that "the sea was confined by mountains so close to it that a dart could be thrown from their summit upon the shore," and as hostile Britons were arrayed on these "mountains," he sailed round the South Foreland and effected a landing on the flats that begin at Deal.

Such is our first glimpse of Dover, which never assumed great importance under the Romans, although it is probable that the remaining pharos (Fig. 11) is one of two set up on the

East and West Cliffs by Aulus Plautius a century or so after Cæsar's first landing. Was the pharos on the Castle cliff a solitary building merely set up as an aid to navigation—a conspicuous object by day, a beacon light by night? Or was it part of a defensive position comprising other buildings girt round by earthworks new made by the Romans or altered and strengthened from native British work? Those are questions that, for a long period, authorities have sought to answer with much learned length and controversial heat. But how much stood on the Castle hill in ancient times and what was wrought there consecutively by Briton, Roman and Saxon must, in all matters of detail, remain in the realm of conjecture. Experts talk glibly of British earthworks, Roman towers and Saxon walls. But no two will tell quite the same tale or hold the same view. Let those who wish work through the century-old quartos of John Lyon, compare them with the researches of Sir Gilbert

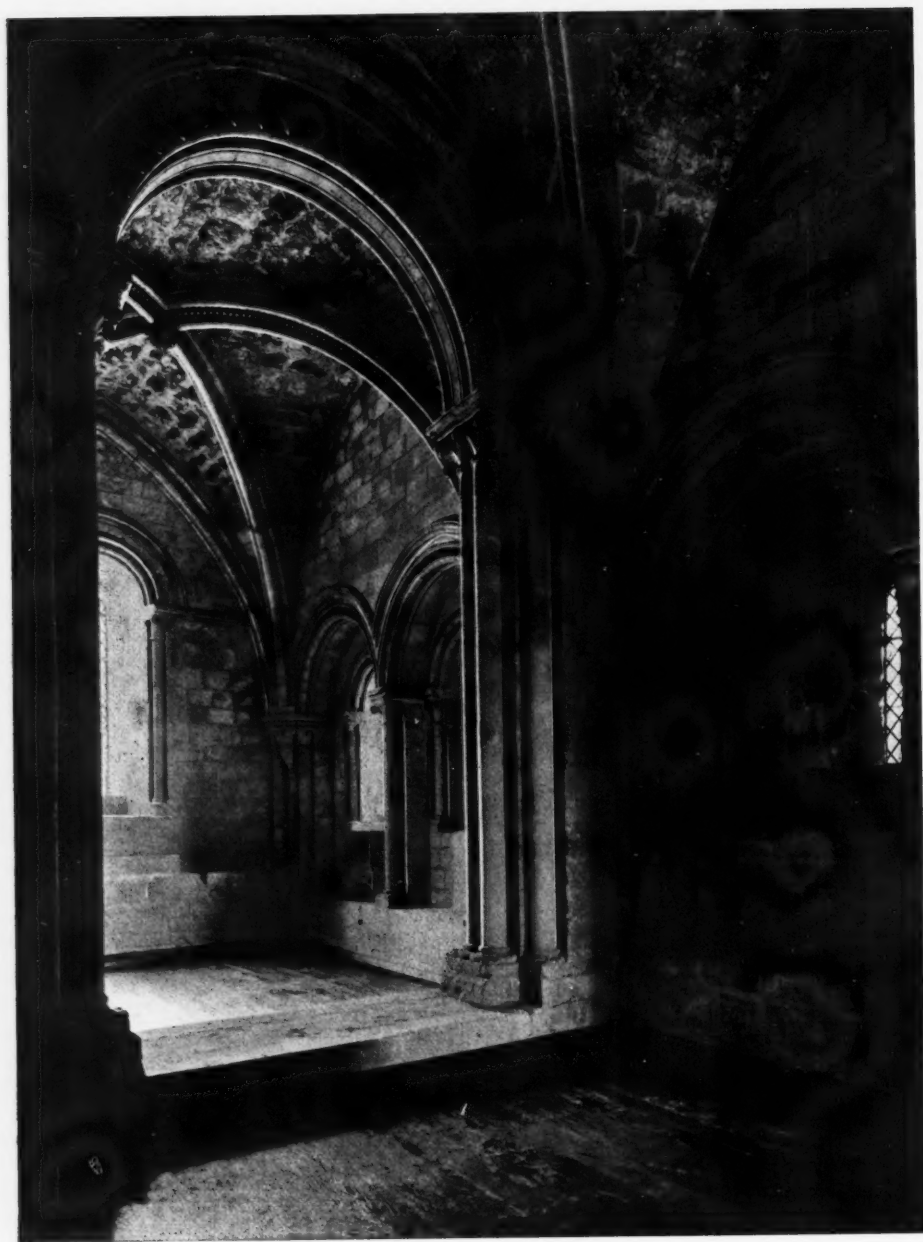


3.—THE KEEP AND ITS ENCEINTE WALLS AND TOWERS.

Queen Mary's Tower in the foreground. It lies just south of the Constable's Tower and dwelling and is now included in its garden.



4.—THE LOWER VESTIBULE AND CHAPEL.



5.—THE UPPER CHAPEL FROM ITS ANTECHAPEL.

Scott and Canon Puckle of sixty years ago, and complete their study with the recent summing up of Mr. Statham. For our present purpose the merest glance at these early times will suffice. No one questions the erection of the pharos by the Romans in the early part of their occupation of Britain. Built of tufa stone and tile-shaped bricks, the thickness of the walls permitted of an octagon form without and a square within. Three storeys at least, it rose with an aperture (Fig. 12) on each side of each storey. In mediæval times it received an outer casing of flint, became a bell tower and the top was raised or rebuilt with cusped ashlar work windows probably as late as Tudor times. Within a few feet of its eastern wall stands the church of debatable origin, their relative positions as well as the whole grouping of the Castle's buildings being well shown by the view that forms the heading of this article (Fig. 1). Did the Romans supplement the pharos with a defensive tower? Did they subsequently break arches through its side and make it the centre of a cruciform church? Or was there no such building at all until after St. Augustine reached our shores at the close of the sixth century? If there is no Roman structure there is Roman material—stone and tile very similar, although not identical with those used in the pharos—implying that the pharos did not stand solitary in Roman times. A castellum, therefore, there probably was, but not a castra, not a permanent military station, rectangular, with gate in the centre of each side, and its four quarters set with buildings. John Lyon gives a plate of what his investigations led him to conclude was the plan of the "Roman fortress" (Plan x), an oval earthwork with a single entrance from the north, and within it the pharos set up against a cruciform building. To this limited enclosure the Saxons, he held, made large additions to the north, following the contours of the land so as to occupy the full summit and form the slopes into "deep ditches, with perpendicular sides to secure their keep." The keep was the central height made higher "with the chalk dug out of the interior ditch." To these defences of chalk and earth it has been urged that masonry was gradually added, and especially by Earl Godwin and his son Harold in the middle years of the eleventh century. So that Lyon believes that William the Norman found in 1066 a complete cincture of walls and towers, which he sets out in a plate (Plan y), and which he calls the "Roman and Saxon Fortifications, with

the Masonry." The plan, however, is more representative of what was standing at the close of the Norman period than when it began, and the extent to which the Saxons supplemented their earthworks with masonry is more likely to have been small than great, as it is now recognised that, except where Roman walls could be adapted, the Saxons generally ignored masonry for defence. But although earth mound and

Godwin was by far the greatest Englishman of his age and had the most remarkable career. Edward Freeman described him as the man

Who rose to power by the favour of strangers, only to become the champion of our land against strangers of every race—one who never himself a King was to be the maker, the kinsman, the father of Kings.



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6.—ROBING ROOM OF THE UPPER CHAPEL.

It lies west as the chapel lies east of its antechapel.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

timber palisade, with dry ditch or wet moat, according to situation, were their accepted methods of fortification, there may have been exceptions, and nowhere more likely than at Dover Castle while it was in charge of Godwin and of his son.

Whence he came we know not. A legend describes him as a youthful and good-looking neat herd. Other accounts call him the son of a man of importance among the West Saxons. He appears as an able and favoured supporter of Cnut the Dane when the latter obtained undisputed sway over all



7.—NEWEL STAIR IN THE NORTH-EAST TOWER OF THE KEEP

8.—FLIGHT OF STEPS RISING TO THE UPPER VESTIBULE AND STATE ROOMS
They occupy the main or east side of the forebuilding.

England on the death of King Ethelred in 1017. He continues a vigorous adherent of the Danish line so long as Cnut and his sons are alive, but on the death of Harthacnut in 1042 he, as the leading power in the land, favours the return to the throne of the line of Alfred the Great in the person of Edward the Confessor. Elder half-brother to the dead Harthacnut (Cnut had married Ethelred's widow, Emma, the Norman), he was the popular candidate for the succession. "Before the King buried were, all folk chose Eadward to King at London." The lead is taken by Godwin, who marries his daughter to the king and rules England under him. But the seeds of future antagonism lie ready to sprout in the royal breast. Although for many years deprived of his father's throne by one race of Norsemen, yet he favours another. His mother was a Norman, and in Normandy he had spent his youth and early manhood. In feeling and habits he was a Norman, and he loved to have Normans around him. It was the action of one of his kinsmen from overseas that led to the breach between Edward and Godwin and to the latter's temporary exile. Eustace, Count of Boulogne, had taken Edward's widowed sister as his second wife. In September, 1051, he and his retinue of Frenchmen came on a visit to the English Court which, at that season, was at Gloucester. All went well till the return journey was nearly accomplished, and then, at Dover, there was a serious *fracas*. The whole of Southern England was now under the direct administration of Godwin and of Harold. Dover and its castle were receiving their special attention as an English bulwark against foreign invasion. They had doubtless inspired the Dover townsmen with their own national aims and dislike of Frenchmen—as our chroniclers called all who came to King Edward from across the Channel. This enmity Eustace understood and reciprocated, and so, after he and his retinue had refreshed themselves at Canterbury, they rode on towards Dover, but, before reaching it, all put on their coats of mail. Entering the town, they prepared to occupy the best lodgings as of right. And one Frenchman, when the owner of a house opposed his uninvited entry, drew weapon and wounded the man. He promptly retaliated and struck the aggressor dead. Then the fight developed :

Count Eustace mounted his horse as if for battle; his followers mounted theirs; the stout-hearted Englishman was slain within his own house. The Count's party then rode through the town, cutting about them and slaying at pleasure. But the neighbours of the murdered men had now come together; the burghers resisted valiantly; a skirmish began; twenty Englishmen were slain, and nineteen Frenchmen, besides many who were wounded. Count Eustace and the remnant of his party made their way out of the town, and hastened back to tell their tale to King Edward.

Eustace told his own tale in his own way. To him and to Edward, with their continental notions, there could not be two sides to this question. Common burghers had opposed, nay, had slain, high-born persons and their retainers, and Edward bade Godwin visit the town with fire and sword. Against the King's order the earl made a resolute stand. Very likely the men of Dover were in the right. Anyway, it was a matter for enquiry and due trial. If the Doverians were guilty let them be punished, but punished after sentence of a court and in due legal form. The view of the Englishman then was much what the view of an Englishman would be now. But to Edward and his French entourage it approximated to Bolshevism. And the French entourage had recently had an addition of strength. Edward has refused a native, elected of the monks and nominee of Godwin, for the archbishopric and had put in the Norman, Robert of Jumieges. He now took the lead in the royal councils, and a witan was summoned not to try the Dover burghers, but the great earl himself. There followed military preparations on both sides, but eventually Godwin and his sons, condemned unheard, left the country.

The great accumulation of wealth and power in Godwin's hands had probably alienated many even of the Southern English from him. But his absence produced a revulsion of feeling in his favour. The following year saw his triumphant return, and "the whole company of the strangers who had been the curse of England mounted their horses and rode for their lives." Archbishop Robert, sword in hand, cut his way through the east gate of London, and was glad to find "an old crazy ship" in an Essex harbour which took him over the water.

Stronger still became the native rule when Godwin's death put the equally able and more popular Harold at the head of affairs. Edward's rule became still more nominal. Harold held England as earl for a dozen years more strongly than he held it as king for ten months, and all agree that Dover Castle was his special care. If the tower ("C" on Plan Y) which long stood protecting the eastern sally-port was rightly named, it originated with Godwin and must have been in connection with a scheme of masonry defence. But that Harold did much to strengthen the fortress the chroniclers, both English and foreign, agree, and from them Edward Freeman concluded that the Castle, as William the Norman found it when he marched upon it within a week of winning Senlac, had been created by Harold:

Harold, the observant pilgrim and traveller, who had so carefully studied all that Gaul had to offer him, as he introduced the latest improvements of Norman ecclesiastical art into his church at Waltham, introduced also the latest improvements of Norman military art into his castle of Dover.

It is doubtful whether any informed archæologist of to-day accepts this view, but if, in 1066, there stood in England a walled and towered castle, that castle was Dover. Yet it made no defence, such as it proved so well fitted for a century and a half later. Had the garrison, as soon as the landing of William was known, gone out to join Harold's army and perished with him? Or had the death of the English King and leaders prepared Kent for submission to a prince who, on his showing, had just claims to the Crown? There was an almost immediate surrender and therefore a sparing of the men of Dover. Eight days were spent by the victor in strengthening the works and arranging for a sufficient garrison. Then he marched on to Canterbury.

The Conqueror's castle building had for its main object, not the repulse of foreign invasion, but the subjection of the conquered population. Dover, already, perhaps, the strongest place in England, did not call for immediate reconstruction on the new Continental lines. A century passed before its great Norman keep reared its commanding height (Fig. 3). Meanwhile the castle proved able to resist such attacks as were made, of which the first occurred the very year after Senlac. William's half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, a prelate who outdid lay barons in turbulence, was made supreme in Kent, and under him Hugh de Montfort had custody of the Castle of Dover. A few months of their domination made the people of Kent wish themselves back under native rule, and they planned a rising while Odo and Hugh were away fighting in the North. They sought aid from a strange source. The native movement was to be assisted by the man who had been Dover's bitterest foe. Eustace of Boulogne was engaged to sail across with a force



Copyright 9.—THE EAST HALL ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE KEEP.
The window recess at the end reappears in Fig. 10.

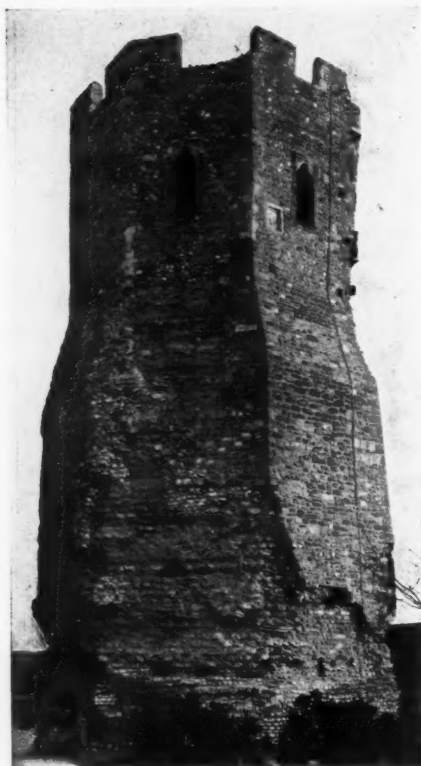
"C.L."



Copyright 10.—THE SOUTH WINDOW RECESS OF THE EAST HALL.
From it a dark vaulted chamber and a narrow passage lead to the upper chapel.

"C.L."

that, with the men of Kent, should suffice to attack and capture the Castle. Yet not only did the garrison withstand the attack, but, making a sortie, drove the attackers down the hill and over the cliff, the foreigners making a helter-skelter dash for their ships and many perishing in the attempt, although their leader got safely back to his own little realm. Equally



11.—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE PHAROS.



12.—ROMAN ARCH AND APERTURE IN THE UPPER PART OF THE PHAROS.

was he charged with supplying a greater or less part of the garrison for a greater or less period of each year. The towers called after them are mostly along the outer line of defence, and in what shape or measure they existed under the Conqueror is a very controversial point. As we know them, and so far as they survive, these defences belong to the thirteenth century. How far they were then new and how far a reconstruction on more advanced lines of what had existed in the latter half of the eleventh century must be a matter of conjecture rather than of certainty. Even Mr. Statham allows that under none of the Norman kings was much building effected at the Castle, for although he suggests that "something must have been done," he concludes:

So far as can be ascertained no work of great importance was undertaken until the reign of Henry II.

There, indeed, we reach firm ground. A contemporary chronicler tells us that a very strong tower was built at Dover Castle in 1187, and this agrees with entries in the Pipe Rolls, which show us that from 1182 to 1188 some £4,500 was expended on "turris et cingulum"; that is, on the keep and the curtain walls and towers that enclose the space of which it occupies the centre and which forms the inner ward. The whole of this work is set on the crest of the hill and rises far above the outer line of defence, as the full page illustration (Fig. 3) well shows. The tower, now known as Queen Mary's, itself high perched on the cliff, appears in the foreground nestling low, and is altogether dominated by the great square keep and its square-towered cincture.

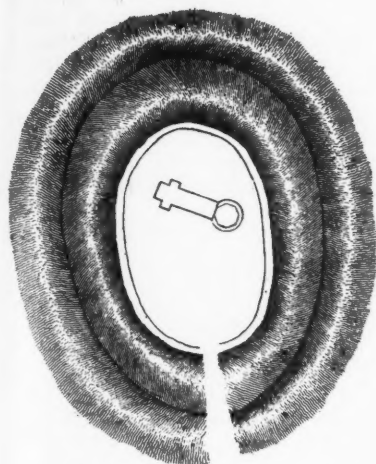
The square Norman keep is found only in Normandy and England and dates within the eleventh and twelfth centuries. That at Arques, among others in Normandy, dates from before the Conquest, and the conclusion is that the design was local to that part of France. In England there is no example of the Conqueror's time except the Tower of London, which was almost certainly begun, if not completed, before his death in 1087. The keeps at Rochester and Porchester were not built till near half a century later than that date. Those at Hedingham in Essex and Rising in Norfolk followed after that, but considerably before the Pipe Roll dates for the Dover "turris" which, with Middleham in Yorkshire, comes at the end of the series. All have the same characteristics. A three or four storeyed building contains one or two great rooms on each floor. The walls are exceedingly thick, but have on the upper floor galleries or small vaulted chambers in the wall thickness. In at least two corners winding staircases are contrived rising above the general roof level as turrets. Apertures for light are small, especially on the lower floors, and therefore the principal hall and State chamber are high up. To reach them with adequate dignity an ampler approach than a winding newel is supplied in the form of a broad, straight stairway enclosed by strong walls and forming a forebuilding. At Dover that forebuilding not only remains intact but is of greater extent than elsewhere, for it first runs along the whole east side of the main keep building and then turns at right angles along part of the south side (Fig. 2). It thus holds more than vestibules and stairways, ample as these are. The southern return, besides accommodating the first flights of steps, has a vestibule from which, through a finely enriched archway, a small chapel is entered (Fig. 4).

Vestibule and chapel (B and C in Plan Z) are admirable examples of the transition style between Norman and Early English. There is the round arch of the former, but the small shafting and foliated capitals of the latter in their initial stages. The arcading of the sides is particularly happy and has a rich effect where, within the arch, is a second arch framing the openings of the narrow windows. There are three of these along the south side, two in the vestibule and one in the chapel, and in the arch opposite to the latter is an aumbry, or cupboard recess. The arch between vestibule and chapel is 7ft. wide in the clear, and its groups of shafts support a series of mouldings, of which the chevron is the chief decorative motif. A similar but wider arch spans the east end of the chapel, having in its centre a window in the same manner as that in the south wall. Chapel and vestibule have flat oak ceilings (lately renewed), forming the floor of the upper chapel and antechapel, whereas the little chamber (A in Plan Z) approached from the west end of the vestibule is vaulted and has above it the robing room of the upper chapel, entered from the second floor of the keep, to which we will now ascend. A plain archway in the north wall of the lower vestibule gives on to the great flights of steps (Fig. 8) that reach the upper vestibule, whence, through a passage on the left, the most important room or hall of the keep is entered (F). From this passage also is approached a dark vaulted chamber (E) in which is a well, now partly filled up, but to which tradition gives a depth of 400ft. The enormous thickness of the keep walls—at one point reaching 21ft. for the bottom stage—permits, at the protective height we have now reached,

unsuccessful was an attack in 1069 by the Danes who were assisting Harold's sons in an attempt to reconquer the lost land. The castle that Saxons failed to hold against the Normans was therefore fully equal to resisting Saxons, French and Danes, although there is no ground for believing that William strengthened or extended it by large works in masonry. As regards manning it, much was done on regular feudal lines, and G. T. Clark, in his "Military Architecture," tells us that "to no castle in Britain, not even to Richmond, was the practice of tenure by castle guard so extensively applied as to Dover." The system was probably introduced in 1082 when William incarcerated Bishop Odo at Rouen and seized his vast estates. That would give plenty of Kentish manors wherewith to endow the Constable and knights whose duty it should be to hold and defend the Castle. The information we have as to the details of the arrangement are

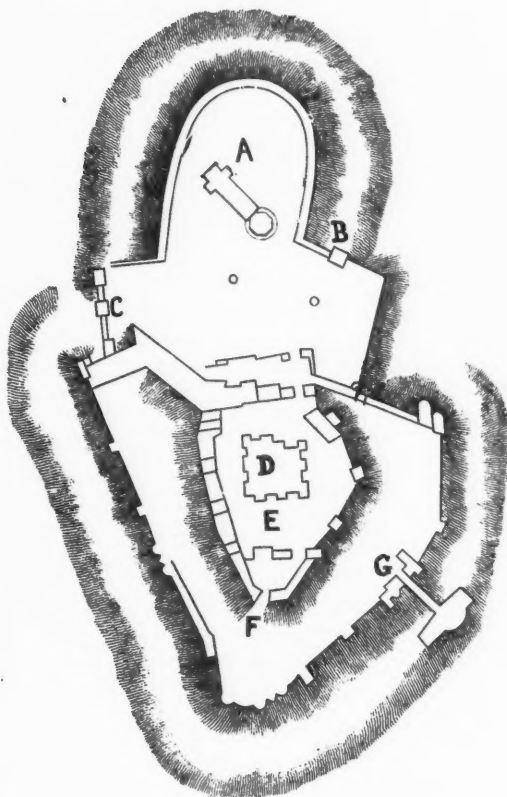
William I selected John de Fenes (Fiennes) a relation of his own as the knight to whom he confided the guard of the Castle, and to support him in maintaining the defence of it he assigned fifty-six and a half knights' fees. The office was made an hereditary one, and was held by several of John de Fenes' descendants. Associated with the Constable were eight other knights who received several manors each to support the cost of their particular service and their names are still connected with the Castle, many of the towers being called after them.

The eight knights are reckoned to have had 115 knights' fees among them, and according to the number each one had, so



X.—EARTHWORKS, PROBABLY ROMAN AND SAXON, ENCLOSING PHAROS AND CHURCH.

of an exceptional number of fair-sized vaulted chambers taken out of the wall thickness, although these are not quite as wide as Lyon's somewhat inaccurate plan indicates. Thus the two rooms that occupy, side by side with a massive wall between them, the central space, although large, are less than the exterior measurement of the keep (a square of nearly 100ft.) might lead us to expect. The larger of the two, now fitted up as an armoury (Fig. 9), is the one we now enter. It is 55ft. long and 24ft. wide, while the other on this floor has the same length, but 3ft. less width. At all important twelfth century keeps it was the top floor that had the chief apartment, and that was of two-storey height with a gallery running round the upper part in the thickness of the wall. The gallery had numerous fair-sized windows, and opposite to each of them was an open arch looking down on to the room and affording it much additional light. Such was the arrangement at Dover, but in Napoleonic times it was decided to use the roof as a gun platform. To give it strength for this purpose, brick vaults were introduced, and, as G. J. Clark says, "this clumsy addition completely conceals the upper half of the walls and destroys the effect of two very fine chambers." When the roof ceased to be used as a gun platform it was converted into a tank for water storage, and so the disfiguring vaults remain. Such method of providing a water supply is certainly not now necessary, and when our present financial stress is over it is much to be hoped that the vaults will be removed and the original aspect be resumed. One of the upper arches—cut across by the vault—is seen in the illustration, and below it the deep recess (G in Plan Z) leading to the south window. This recess (Fig. 10) is interesting as having on its wall various little panels cut by French prisoners of the Marlborough campaigns period, with their names and dates, such as "Mathurin Lussey, 1704," who has also added a representation of his coat of arms. It is from this recess that a vaulted chamber is entered which leads to the antechapel. The chapel itself (Fig. 5) is immediately over and of the same size—14ft. long by 13ft. wide—as the lower chapel. The antechapel is 2ft. longer, and at its west end is the robing room (Fig. 6), quite a little gem in original condition except for the renewal of the central shaft head on the right side. The scheme here and in the chapel of triple nook shafts, supporting the roof groins, with the central shaft cut off just below the capital, is noticeable. A corner projection as a base was evidently not favoured, and so what should be the central shaft is merely a corbel, although its function of supporting the main vaulting rib makes it the most important. The upper chapel and antechapel have the same general disposition of parts as those below, except for the greater height afforded by the vaulting and a little more enrichment. Here the chevron is confined to the great open archway, the vaulting ribs and the window and other side arches having bands of nailhead ornament. On the north side one section of the arcading was mutilated in Henry VIII's time to introduce a doorway which must have given entrance to the chapel by means of an added wooden stairway from the level space on the right of the great

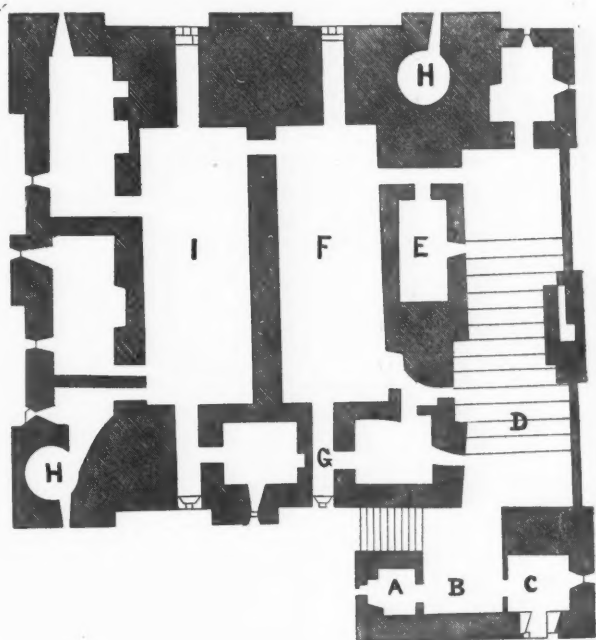


Y.—EARTHWORKS OF COMPLETED CASTLE AND OUTLINE OF MEDIÆVAL BUILDINGS.

- A, position of pharos and church.
- B, Colton Gate
- C, Godwin's Tower } traditionally of late Saxon date.
- D, position of keep.
- E, inner ward.
- F, position of St. John's Tower and subterranean passages.
- G, position of Constable's Tower and gate into middle ward.

has been made where the newer work merely cloaked the old. In Mr. Sears, who has been resident for nine years, the Office of Works has a most careful and informed representative, and here at least the treatment does credit to that Government Department.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



Z.—THE KEEP: SHOWING THE ASCENT TO AND THE DISPOSITION OF THE SECOND FLOOR.

A, porter's lodge; B, lower vestibule; C, lower chapel (the upper chapel, antechapel and robing room are over these on the second floor); D, ascent to the second floor; E, well chamber; F and I, state halls; G, recess leading to window, and also to upper chapel; H, H, newel stairs. The plan is from John Lyon's "History of Dover," published in 1814, and is not an accurate survey.

flight of stairs to the second floor (Fig. 8). On the left of the same illustration may be seen another change of that date in the form of a doorway and a two-light window over. These two-light windows, with characteristic depressed arch, were very largely introduced into the keep by Henry VIII to give more light; and, later on, except on the east face of the forebuilding, the Tudor mullioning was knocked out and sashes substituted. A return to the two-light Tudor windows, of which the framing is still there, would certainly improve the appearance of the keep, and is justifiable as a repair rather than a "restoration." The latter would mean a return not to Henry VIII, but to Henry II, the only remaining windows of whose age are those of the chapels.

The great stairway of the forebuilding only served the second, or State, floor. The general access to all parts was by means of newel stairs (H, H in Plan Z). There is the same arrangement at Rochester, but at Dover these stairways are unusually spacious, the interior measurement being nearly 14ft. across, with steps 6ft. long (Fig. 7). London and Dover are the greatest of our Norman keeps and the two which have escaped ruin. They have, indeed, suffered from what sometimes is the worse fate of frequent alteration. But the original fabric and not a little of the original detail remain. At Dover some return

TRAMPING IN THE ROCKIES

EVERYONE who loves the open air and the mental freedom that comes after a long walk has dreamt of weeks of wandering in a new country. Man has never lost the instinct to go roaming in the first fine days of spring. Longfellow described the great scientific observer, Agassiz, as a child who had been lured away by Nature, the old nurse, to discover the secrets of the universe. "Here is a story-book, Thy Father hath written for thee." Such a traveller is Stephen Graham. He has had the courage to strip off the musty clothes of convention and care-for-the-morrow bequeathed to civilised man. Since the days when he broke new ground in the Caucasus and substituted a sleeping bag for a bed he has seen many lands. In this new pilgrimage he steps westward through the wild Rockies to the Canadian borders with a unique son of America. Springfield, Illinois, was surprised long ago to find itself possessing Abraham Lincoln. To-day it has wakened up to the fact of another figure hurrying along its streets "whose exterior semblance doth belie its soul's immensity." And as spirit with spirit must meet, Vachel Lindsay and Stephen Graham gravitated towards each other. From that association has resulted a book not unworthy to be placed on the bookshelf with Thoreau, Stevenson and Kinglake, *Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies* (Macmillan and Co.). It is much more than a record of climbing mountains, bathing in lakes or falling down slopes of shale or being lost in willow swamps. The everlasting hills, indeed, called them, and in obeying that call they found much enthralling about each other. They talk endlessly, as Heraclitus and his friend did in the far-off flowering-time of Greece. They tell stories of life and experience, the baubles of the day; they review politics and personalities. But the strange figure of the poet under the eye of his imaginative memorising friend passes before us in every page. Sometimes Lindsay treads in patient, doglike way in his steps with hanging dead branch arms. Then, in the way made familiar to enthusiastic London audiences, he can be seen flinging his arms to the skies and chanting and shouting his own poems. What a wild surge of words and moods and images and memories! The tropical heat and genius of it made the hearers in the Caxton Hall rock and glow as each wave of melody or invective caught and bore them along. So did Lindsay chant, and the flowers listened mutely and the bear fled back to the woods and the fishes ceased their darts in the sunlight and retreated to cool, soundless caverns in the mountain lakes. He sang, too, the strains of other poets, and Swinburne's cadences woke the echoes and the whip-poor-will called again. Lindsay is an ardent democrat, and the chronicler tells much of his violent enthusiasms and of the chiefs of American life whom he idolised. There is perhaps no poem of his, nor is there any other similar theme by any other poet, which really immortalises a political duel like "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan":

Boy Bryan's defeat,
Defeat of western silver,
Defeat of the wheat,
Defeat of the aspen groves of Colorado valleys.

It is strange to hear he knows nothing of Browning, with whom he has much in common. His favourite poem, so he says, is "Ulalume." With hymns, too, he beguiled the way, with devastating results to bird and animal life and the sensibilities of his faithful friend.

The white-vested woodpecker walking like a great fly up the dead poles of old pines, tapping as he went, paused meditatively at the sound of Vachel's voice; the grouse and the ptarmigan tripped ahead of us like hens, and scurried out of view; little piggy the porcupine tumbled in all his beautiful quills; and the squirrels scolded from all the trees as if we were a terrible annoyance.

So laughingly the record goes, and they tell many tales. Once in Kansas, so one of Lindsay's camp-fire stories run, he was working with a gang for a German farmer. Their food was part of the contract, so they did themselves well. One Sunday the poet sat down to grace with the farmer, which the others avoided. They worked steadily through the meal while the rest of the gang made off to avoid the final blessing. As Vachel and the farmer ate "for company" with all the other hands and also vied with each other in not finishing first, they had an enormous meal. At supper the farmer was just starting again when he suddenly paused, looking ill.

Then in a loud, stentorian voice he called to the kitchen: "Wife, give me the pain-killer." He had a violent fit of indigestion. Wife then brought a large bottle labelled PAIN-KILLER, an astonishing bottle about a foot long that looked as if it might be horse-liniment, and the farmer took a dose with a large iron spoon. "A terrible stuff," says Vachel, "a stuff that just eats the inside out of you, one part turpentine, three alcohol, and the rest iron rust. It gives you such a heat you forget about your indigestion."

They left behind them the popular canyons littered with the empty tins that had held the food of cowboys and visitors and the ubiquitous advertisements that rule American scenery and got into the heart of the Rockies. Always with them towered the tremendous, awful forms of the mountains, menacing them with ancient silences and dreads. They climbed heights, lay terribly hidden by darkness on knifelike ridges garmented by clouds till the sun gave them courage to descend. By their sure feet and steady heads were they emancipated from many dangers. Coffee was their only stimulant, and many a paan has the brown berry. The wild raspberries and blackberries provided adornments to bacon and beans. No bright beast or bird they consciously did injure, although they fished in some of the delectable lakes. Gradually they approach the British Empire, the Canadian line and the successful land of the pioneers. "We came to a deserted cabin, once the habitation of a ranger, now littered with Alberta whisky bottles, and here we read a pencilled remark written years ago: 'Slept here last night. Visited by a bare who came into cabin and et two sides of bacon.' Another pencilled note, apparently by the same hand, said: 'Don't leave garbig lying about, but put it in the Garbig Holl.'" Rockies and romance and gentle poesy seem far behind. Thus Mr. Graham describes their entrance to the Empire:

There was a change of scenery; fresher air, aspen groves, red hips on many briars. A beautiful mountain lifted its catadelled peak into a grey unearthly radiance. We climbed Mount Bertha, and the hill-sides were massed with young slender pines that never grow hoary or old, but die while they are young, and are supplanted by the ever-new forests of everlasting youth. The grandeur of the mountains increased upon us till all was in the sublimity of the Book of Job and of the Chaldean stars. There was nothing petty anywhere—but an eternal witness and an eternal silence.

So they passed from the Republic into an obscure part of Canada, where many strange sects find a home in the liberal bosom of the British Empire—Mennonites, Mormons, Duk-hobars, many foreigners, with the Englishman for overlord, the hard man who extends the wheatlands that make empires. Mr. Graham has opened a window and over our small fields and crowded cities blows the breath of the prairie, the eternal refreshment of simple delights, the calm and grandeur of hills.

R.

Brushwood, by Kathleen M. Barrow. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

ELIZABETH BRYANT'S nurse—at least, the nurse who brought her up together with her many sisters and brothers—once told her that "Some people are always saying what they are going to do, and planning a fine programme for themselves out of nothing. Brushwood—that's what they're like. But in the end it comes to nothing. No flowers, no fruit, fit only for firewood and not too good for that, neither." Elizabeth herself is the Brushwood of this very good first novel, and the test which proves her is her attitude to love. Certainly she has cruel fortune, for both the men who matter to her are married already and separated from their wives. Robert Salter the Australian loves her, and, sick at heart because Martin Laing, the poet whom she loves, does not need her, she promises to give herself to him and very nearly fulfils her promise. A time comes when her continual loving wears away Martin's indifference. Then the test is applied again, and she writes to him: "What does it mean, this so-called virtue? . . . It's not strength, it's not even weakness, it's simply negation. While I know it to be a false standard I cannot break away from it." She accuses herself of "the cowardly heart of a woman who cannot take the thing she has prayed to possess," and the brushwood has neither fruit nor flower to set against the long bleakness of its winter. Miss Barrow has written her history with quite remarkable skill; it is a gentle, womanly book, and not less attractive or uncommon for that. Although much of the action takes place in Italy it is not the Italy which a thousand dull writers have made hideous for us, but the Italy one might see for oneself at a first visit while life was still unstated in clichés. Her Elizabeth is a real woman, true to a hair's-breadth to the measure of many a woman bred in the old traditions who yet is actively conscious of the new and neither able to condemn them nor subscribe to them. Elizabeth goes further in drawing Martin's attention to her love for him than most women of her stamp would; but a virginal innocence and frankness there is in her make it seem possible and not unmaidenly; and what happens to her, which path she will choose, is never a matter of indifference to the reader. If Miss Barrow intended to focus attention on the questions of right and wrong involved in Elizabeth's life story and set us to decide for ourselves whether she was a saint or a coward, she has not quite succeeded. One cannot help doubting whether even in marriage Elizabeth would not have shrunk from becoming one with a Robert Salter, and her refusal of Martin loses weight because she had not to turn away from an eager lover who dazzled her with the compelling force of a great love, but a man in whom her persistence had fanned to life a feeble flame of almost impersonal passion. Miss Barrow's next book will be something to look forward to, with very pleasant anticipations.

A Family Man, by John Galsworthy. In Three Acts. (Duckworth, 3s.)

"I DIDN'T strike a woman," said John Builder, "I struck my daughter." Mr. Galsworthy, as usual, weights the scales evenly with the two points of view summed up in the above sentence. The scrupulously moral, self-repressed, domestic tyrant succeeds in

alienating both his daughters, and a momentary lapse with a French maid gets rid of his wife. Then trouble comes, in the shape of a black eye to a policeman, the cells, a magistrate scene which our author handles with his accustomed effect, and—the womenkind return to paterfamilias, humbled and disillusioned, which forms a good silent curtain for the last act. The play, when it was produced this time last year with Mr. Norman McKinnel as Builder, had a moderate success, and the public were on the whole good judges. It is not an ambitious play, but well constructed and up to Mr. Galsworthy's standard.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Between Two Continents, by Prince William of Sweden. (Nash and Grayson, 15s.)
The Russian Turmoil, by General A. I. Denikin. (Hutchinson, 24s.)
Irish and Other Memories, by the Duke de Stacpoole.

British History in the Nineteenth Century, by G. M. Trevelyan. (Longman's, 12s. 6d.)

Old England, by Bernard Gilbert. (Collins, 20s.)

Eton v. Harrow at the Wicket, by F. S. Ashley-Cooper. (The St. James's Press, 15s.)

On Secret Patrol in High Asia, by Captain L. V. S. Blaker. (Murray, 18s.)

FICTION.

The Heir, by V. Sackville-West. (Heinemann, 6s.)

The Voice in the Wilderness, by Richard Blaker. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

The Passionate Puritan, by Jane Mander. (Lane, 7s. 6d.)

DRAMA.

Plays: First Series, by Eugene O'Neill. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

The Chinese Theatre, by A. Jacouloff and Tchou-Kia-Kien. (John Lane, 21s.)

The Ship, by St. John G. Ervine. (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY IN SHETLAND

III.—THE WHIMBREL.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CHISLETT AND HARRY WILLFORD.

ALTHOUGH well known to wild-fowlers and to observers of birds on coastal mud-flats in spring and autumn, the breeding haunts of the whimbrel are familiar to few. Entirely absent as a breeder from the English moors and fells, its occurrence in Scotland is only somewhat occasional. In Galloway we have known a whimbrel to fly daily at the same hour from the coast towards the Southern Highlands, where possibly it may have been breeding; but it would be difficult to choose a place on any part of the British mainland where it could be found with certainty. On one or two Hebridean islands whimbrels breed regularly, but in Orkney Mr. T. M. Fowler recently failed to find it, although covering much ground. In the Faroe Islands it is more numerous, and in Iceland it is common.

At first glance, apart from the smaller size, the whimbrel resembles the curlew very closely. Even where a bird is comfortably sitting within a few feet of the observer the differences are not very noticeable. But the brown stripe on either side of the crown and the white streak down the middle are sufficient to distinguish the whimbrel even in a photograph. The bill, too, is considerably shorter. When on the wing the very distinctive call note may usually be heard. "Seven Whistler" the bird has been called from a fancy that the clear whistle is repeated seven times, but this is erroneous. After counting the number of notes many times we came to the conclusion that nine repeats was about an average number.

During the first few days of our stay in Shetland we looked for whimbrels eagerly, but saw very few. Of the occasional birds which flew over, none appeared to be nesting in the immediate

vicinity. One island on which they formerly bred in some numbers drew blank entirely; skuas had increased there and the whimbrels had probably judged it wise to shift their quarters. Then, on a day so windy that bird photography from a tent was practically impossible, we scoured one of the larger islands. Here pairs of arctic skuas were scattered much less freely, though still sufficiently numerous to cause anxiety to birds like divers whose nests lie open to the sky.

After spending most of the day steeplechasing over peat-hags on the hills, during which only a solitary whimbrel was seen, we rested on the heathery bank of a dale which terminated in a picturesque "voe." Beyond the voe, the North Atlantic stretched unbroken to regions of polar ice. The hill above was steep, and we hesitated to climb it as we thought of the miles of peat which lay between us and dinner. Then over our heads a "hoodie" croaked as he and his mate were excitedly harried by two whimbrels. Our cue was obvious. If the birds were so anxious to drive crows away they must have something to protect. Over the top of the hill was an undulating region of very short heather and grass, patched with much cream-coloured, spongy moss. Apparatus was dumped in the middle of a likely-looking flattened patch; and after describing a few circles round it our eyes were gladdened by the sight they were looking for. There were four eggs, as was the case with another nest discovered subsequently. The illustrations show the immediate surroundings better than they can be described.

The opportunity of working at a bird which we had reason to believe had not previously been photographed in its breeding haunts was not to be missed and we endeavoured to make the



WHIMBREL AND EGG.



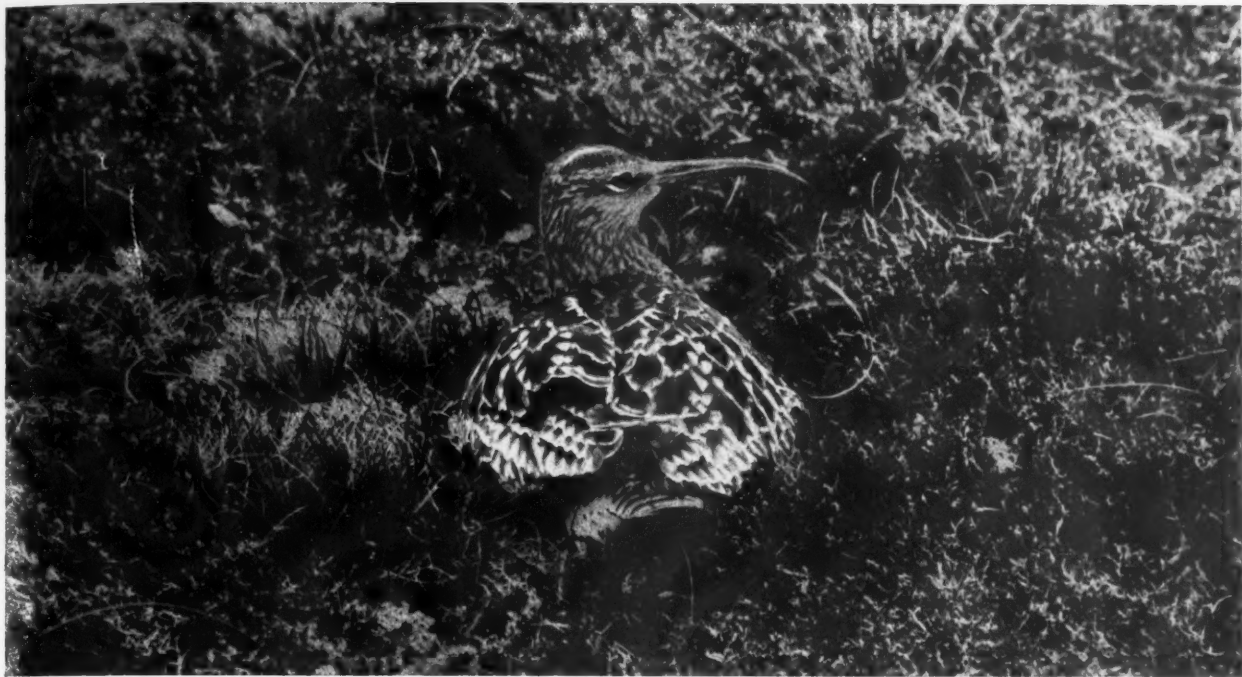
STARING AT THE CAMERA.



BROODING.



A BACKWARD GLANCE.



A CHICK IS UNDER THE LEFT WING.

most of it, in spite of somewhat unpropitious weather and the distance from our base. As we fixed the hide, both whimbrels circled round us, calling anxiously. Sometimes the "run" of whistling notes was used, or again it might be a hoarser call, resembling one of the curlew's notes, but not so loud. As we walked away, one of the birds followed us for a while, and when we halted some distance away the cock flew round us again.

A few days later we returned for serious work. Crossing some hills to our right a shepherd noted our presence and altered his course for the sake of politeness—or was it curiosity?

"It is a fine morning," he averred as our paths crossed; we agreed. "Have ye come far?" he then enquired. We told him, and he seemed not a little impressed as he eyed our apparatus.

"And are ye going far?" was his next question. By way of answer we asked if he had seen anything unusual on the moor. "Why, yes," he replied, "a wee bit tent fixing," but what on earth—he should have said peat—it was for he could not guess. The eggs he had missed entirely.

The movements of the whimbrel at the nest were much less deliberate than those of its larger cousin. Curlews often circumambulate towards the nest in quite a dignified manner, pacing slowly and with many halts. The whimbrel passed round the tent a time or two, but the gait was quicker and more jerky, sometimes approximating to a run. The eggs are large for the size of the bird and how to cover them appeared rather a problem. When sitting the position was often changed.



DRAWING NEAR TO THE EGG AND CHICK.



ISING TO ACCOMMODATE A WANDERER.

Although again not very fortunate with the weather, we were lucky enough to arrive on our second photographic visit when three of the eggs had hatched. Two chicks had been led away by the cock and could not be found; and the one which remained in the nest toddled away as we made our preparations. In a few minutes the hen returned to the odd egg, but her attention was divided. After sitting for a moment, she left to brood the chick a few yards away, then hurriedly returned to keep the egg warm. In wandering round, the chick came so close to the hide that it could have been caught; then, probably finding the world to be a cold sort of place, it returned to its parent, which arose and tucked its offspring away underneath. After this the whimbrel sat more contentedly. When all was calm the cock alighted some distance away and disclosed the whereabouts of the missing chicks.

On the following day, when we passed that way again, *en route* to the nest of a red-throated diver, the last whimbrel's egg

had hatched, but the parent birds still had to give vigilant attention to hooded crow and skua.

A visit to the vicinity of the diver's pool among the peat-hags we are not likely to forget. The whimbrel hide had been transferred to the side of the diver's nest overnight. When we were well among the hills a thick mist came down and obliterated all landmarks. Beyond a radius of twenty yards all was blank. The family likeness between peat-hags in a mist is remarkable, and the attempt to find the right pool had to be abandoned. As we retraced our steps another diver's nest was found, and an attempt to get near enough to take a photographic record proved disastrous to the writer's nether garments. What appeared to be solid ground gave way and he sank to the middle in vegetable slime. "Hartogs," as Mr. E. V. Lucas terms clothes which have acquired a special degree of fitness through long use, are particularly dear to bird photographers, but these were left behind in Shetland.

PRESTWICK

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAD not, neither, I think, had many English golfers, been at Prestwick since the time of the last Open Championship before the war, and it is a most delightful place to get back to, because it has, like most great courses, a peculiar charm and flavour of its own. It is, too, at this moment in the most perfect conceivable condition.

Of the Scottish championship courses Prestwick is, I suppose, the one by far the least well known to the players from the South. Everybody knows St. Andrews—not to know it is certainly a most illiberal education; and a great many people know Muirfield through having enjoyed now and then a pleasant harbour of refuge there from the crowds and smart frocks of North Berwick. Save to those, however, who play in championships or, more wisely, perhaps, look on at them, Prestwick is often only a classic name. This is a pity, for it is enormously well worth the seeing, and that not only because it is a classic course, the original home of the Championship and the course on which "Young Tom" scored his immortal triumphs, but because of its intrinsic golfing merits.

It possesses all the features which a classic links in Scotland is presumed to have. There is, for example, a burn, called the Pow burn, and a very efficient one it is. It is waiting to trap the slicer at the third and fourth holes and, indeed, at the second also if he hits his mashie-niblick shot to that treacherous little hole, off the socket. Then it has famous bunkers with famous names which have been for a destruction to champions on crucial occasions. There is no such bunker in the world as the Cardinal. It is so broad and so long and so terrifying with its face of black sleepers. At the second shot to the third hole it is practically unavoidable. There is certainly a way round it on the left, but it is a very long way round, and immediately on its right is the burn, which is as I write a turbid torrent. Moreover, if we escape his formidable Eminence at the third hole, he may

yet catch us at the sixteenth, the Cardinal's back. It was the Cardinal that cost Braid an eight when he won the greatest of his Championship victories with a score of 291. It was in all probability by topping his second into it after a good start and from a good lie that Mr. Laidlay lost the Championship to Mr. Peter Anderson many years ago now. Again, there is the tremendous Alps bunker that lurks hidden in waiting for us beyond the tall green hill as we nervously address ourselves to the second shot at that most nervous of holes, the seventeenth. To every new-comer it has to be reverentially pointed out as the scene of "Freddie" Tait's water shot. The Himalayas are by comparison harmless. They are a noble range of sand-hills, but, if the metaphor be permissible, their bark is worse than their bite. Save in unusual conditions, it is only a really bad shot that gets into them. Nevertheless, it was a tee shot by one of the best players that ever lived, Mr. Hilton, that got into the Himalayas and prevented him from beating Harry Vardon and Willie Park and winning his third Open Championship. The stone wall which gave its name to the twelfth hole has now disappeared—it was a classic rather than a good hazard; but in rehearsing Prestwick names one must never forget those of the Sea Hedrig and the Goose Dubs, the former one of the finest holes in all the world, nor the comprehensive name of the last four holes, the Loop.

The Loop has a quality that seems to belong as of right to the historic courses; many people complain that it is unfair. That is what they always do at St. Andrews. Certainly that drive to the fifteenth hole has some of the elements of a dip in the lucky bag. The ball has to be steered from the tee down the narrowest of imaginable valleys. "Happy, undeserving A" may get a kick from a bank and lie clear in the valley, while "wretched, meritorious B" with a shot better struck is held up in a whin bush. These things are hard to bear at the time,

but in thinking them calmly over afterwards we ought to acknowledge that such a hole has something of greatness that makes amends. Prestwick is, of course, a private links and St. Andrews is a public one, but the two places have something in common. There is much the same feeling of golf being a household word, part of everyday life. The day on which I write is some kind of holiday, and from morning to night there have been crowds of watchers on the links. They are very patriotic crowds, too. They watch some of the visitors from the South, but they cluster most thickly round the local heroes, especially Mr. Wilson of the Prestwick St. Nicholas Club, a very fine player and a dark horse for the Championship. Doubtless they will be here in their thousands for the Championship, and if the final on Saturday be between a Scot and an Englishman, then Heaven help the wretched men in rosettes who wave flags. They will nearly be swept off their feet into the Pow burn.

I have still very lively recollections of the Open Championship of 1914. Taylor and Vardon were drawn to play together on the second day. They were first and second after the first day's play, and the issue lay palpably between them. To add to the horror of the situation it was a holiday for the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire pitmen, and they all meant to see the game and that the same game. The course, too, is by its conformation peculiarly ill adapted to crowds. The Loop of the last four holes is sandwiched in between the first and the fourteenth, and so it is possible to have three or four different streams of people flowing violently in opposite directions. Moreover, this is a country of hills and dells, and balls come flying from unseen strikers on one side of the hill on to unseen heads on the other. Still, nobody is killed. As at St. Andrews, onlookers seem to bear a charmed life, and, anyhow, it is worth running some risks to watch golf on so fine and dramatic a golf course.

CORRESPONDENCE

PLANTING WILLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have derived much pleasure and stimulation from reading a short article in COUNTRY LIFE by Mr. A. D. Webster on Forestry for Farmers, in the issue dated April 22nd, 1922. I am interested in a plot of land 600ft. deep and 200ft. wide at Pitsea, Essex. It is proposed to plant it with fruit trees gradually. A few are now in and a portion under cultivation for kitchen garden stuff. The land is stiff clay subsoil with 8in. or 9ins. good top, now under grass; it is said to have grown wheat. The long sides have small poultry farms adjoining, one with post and wire fence and the other newly planted thorn. The front adjoins road and has a ditch and hedge, with ditch and hedge at back. The inspiration I get from the article is that this plot should be planted along all its boundaries with willow, the Huntingdon species. I should, therefore, be very glad if you could put me in touch with Mr. Webster or someone who would advise me as to the best way of proceeding on the following points: (1) Who would supply the "sets," and the price of same if known; (2) the distance apart of planting from each other, to have as many trees as possible, but to allow of good development, and distance from boundaries to prevent overhang; (3) the right time to plant; (4) the best method of cultivation. I may add that there is not much money to pay for expensive labour, and that the planting would have to be done largely by myself with occasional help. Thanking you for publishing the article.—J. H. MCCURDY.

[We forwarded our correspondent's letter to Mr. A. D. Webster, who replies as follows: "(1) Any good nurseryman or willow-grower should be able to supply the sets. The price varies, but I paid 10d. each some years ago. (2) As the trees are felled when in a comparatively young state they may be planted 30ft. apart and, say, 6ft. from ditches and other boundaries. (3) As regards cultivation, nothing is required except to keep the stems free from branches, and attacks by farm stock."—ED.]

A FOX CUB AT HOME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Not many observers of wild life have the luck to get close enough to young fox cubs in their homes to be able to photograph them, so I thought this picture of a little red fellow making his breakfast off a bit of rabbit—quite unconscious of my eye or my camera's—might be worth reproducing in COUNTRY LIFE.—A. B.

QUEEN WASPS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few years ago, when living in the country, I noticed the blooms of two varieties of cotoneaster (I cannot remember which) attracted queen wasps, and in a few days I killed about fifty. On mentioning this to a

neighbour living a couple of miles away, he said his experience was similar to mine, and that he had with a tennis racket destroyed numbers round these shrubs. Perhaps this will interest your correspondent.—T. HAMILTON FOX.

WHAT WERE THEY?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Yesterday (May 14th) about 3 p.m., seated on the banks of a famous trout stream in this county (Derbyshire) with the sun shining brightly and clear on the sparkling water, there was a sudden hurricane of rapid whistlings, and two wader-like birds, about the size of golden plovers, dashed at express speed past me in midstream, going north up river. There was little time given me to note features, but the impression I got was brown backs, sharp-pointed, white-bordered

wings and, strongest and strangest of all, bright azure under parts. I had met with redshanks and common sandpipers during the day, and these were certainly different both in manner of flight and appearance, and no British bird seems to answer the description. The colour was as vivid, though not with any metallic sheen, as a kingfisher's, whose straight, rapid flight theirs somewhat resembled. As I am absolutely at a loss, could any of your readers help to identify them, please?—PEREGRINATOR.

QUEER FISHING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Burmese catch fish out of the Meiktala Lake, ninety miles south of Mandalay, in a queer way. An 8ft. bamboo cane has, about the middle of its length, a 6in. cleft, propped open with a wad of aromatic dough. A bunch of foliage tied on the top marks the position of the "fishing-rod" above water when its point is embedded in the lake bottom. Planted overnight in hundreds, these canes have each caught a fish when pulled up next morning. The bait has been nibbled away until the cleft has closed on the fish's snout like a vice.—S. R. UNDERWOOD.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring to the letter in your issue of the 13th inst. on the above, I should be glad to have your opinion on the following incident. Last week I was walking slowly up-hill on the right side of a public road, 2½ft. from the grass, when a motor car came downhill towards me 1ft. 9ins. from the side. I had to spring into the middle of the road to allow it to pass or I would have been run over. Was it not the duty of the motorist to have gone into the middle of the road—15½ft. wide—and allowed me to walk where I was? There is no footpath, and steep banks on each side, and there was no other traffic in sight.—GEO. W. CONSTABLE.

[Certainly the motorist forgot that the pedestrian's right to the roadway is equal to that of anyone on wheels. He ought in the absence of other traffic to have kept the middle of the road.—ED.]

MISSAL THRUSHES NESTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent on the subject of the missal thrush will be interested to know that we had a similar instance here about six years ago. A pair had built in a rose arch, and until the young were hatched it was almost impossible to do any gardening or go near the nest on account of the attacks of the male bird, who perched and watched in a neighbouring tree. On one occasion when I was sowing seeds I was obliged to abandon the operation and seek an opportunity when he was off duty.—R. H. COOPER.



THE CUB'S BREAKFAST.

THE COLOUR OF THE EYE IN THE HAWFINCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In nearly all works on ornithology, especially the scientific ones, the colours of the soft parts, *i.e.*, beak, legs and feet and eye, are often quite wrong, described as they are from dried skins in a museum, and not from the living bird. A notable case is that of the eye of the hawfinch, which rejoices in the scientific name of *Coccothraustes vulgaris*. In all works, including that published this year, it is given as greyish white. It is certainly this colour in a dead bird, and also changes to this colour in a living bird when frightened from any cause, such as being handled or struck down by a hawk. In life it is chocolate brown, and in the breeding season at times, under sexual excitement, becomes almost red. Mr. Archibald Thoburn, the greatest bird-artist of this or any other age, I am glad to say rightly gives the colour as chocolate brown in the latest pictures of the bird. In the description of such parts of birds there is far too much copying of authors long since out of date. As the hawfinch is now fairly common as a cage-bird, a visit to a cage-bird show would soon demonstrate to such authors their error.—H. W. ROBINSON.

AN UNSUSPICIOUS OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an owl taken near Loch Rannoch in April last. She was sitting about 2ft. from the ground in the hollow of a dead tree, and there was a



THE SUPERCILIOUS OWL.

bank of earth and heather sloping right up to the nest which must have made it rather a dangerous place for the three eggs. These, however, were still all right when I left some days after taking the photograph. The owl let me come within 6ft. of her and take two or three snapshots before she decided that I was not to be trusted and suddenly flew out, nearly hitting me in the face.—J. KILBURN.

ANIMAL FOSTER MOTHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Miss Frances Pitt's description of a dog foster-mothering a lamb is extremely interesting, and makes one wonder why some animals have the mothering instinct so much more strongly developed than others. I once had a cat that adopted a tiny chicken that had been brought into the kitchen to be revived. The cat had no kittens, but when the chicken was brought to me displayed the liveliest interest in the half-dead creature. Naturally, the chicken was wrapped in some warm flannel and placed in a basket in front of the fire, the cat being watched as I suspected that her attentions were not too kindly. She sat down beside the basket, and finally curled up to sleep on the hearthrug. My attention being required elsewhere I forgot about the chicken, but on returning half an hour later was horrified to find the basket overturned. I feared the worst, and was much astonished to discover the chicken—now fully revived—nestling closely to the cat and perfectly happy. From that day the cat took complete charge of the chicken, and it

always slept cuddled close up to her, and they wandered about the garden together. When the time came for the chicken, now grown into a fine young cockerel, to be placed in the hen run, the cat was so distressed and the cockerel so unhappy that they were once more united. Unfortunately, the cockerel sickened and died a few weeks later. The cat was extremely unhappy for days, mewing and seeking her lost foster child.—H. T. C.

HOW A RAT STOLE AN EGG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There has long been much discussion in the natural history journals respecting the method or methods adopted by rats in the removal of eggs without the breaking of these fragile objects. I do not pretend to have solved the problem to my own satisfaction, much less to that of anyone else; but the following observation will probably be of considerable interest. Not long ago I was watching the rats in an old shed on a friend's poultry farm with a view to knowing where best to set traps, when, presently, an old rat emerged from a subterranean burrow, and after sniffing around, made towards an egg that had been deposited in the centre of a shallow nest on the ground. The rat lay on his side, then, taking the egg between his paws, pressed it tightly against his breast, after which he rolled over on to his back. He then proceeded to wriggle, head foremost, in the direction of the mouth of the tunnel, in the darkness of which he soon disappeared. This may not be the usual mode of procedure, but it certainly is very ingenious, and just what we might expect on the part of a creature so adaptive as the much persecuted and generally abominated brown rat, the *Mus decumanus* of naturalists.—C. W. GREATORREX, F.Z.S.

A WHITE ROOK.

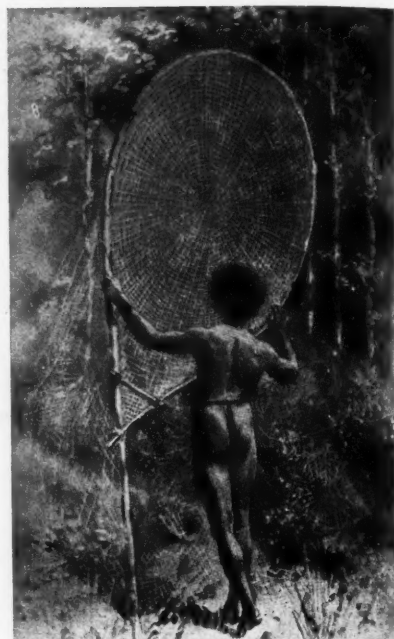
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A milk-white rook has made its appearance on the western borders of Hampshire. When first seen feeding on the ground with other rooks it looked like a seagull, but when it rose its flight and form revealed its identity. It is curious that it is the black-plumaged birds which are the most liable to this loss of colour, for the well known Gilbert White, of Hampshire, gives an account of a nest of white rooks; and Mr. Hudson states that the blackbird, the rook and the daw are the birds most often found with white, or partially white plumage. Willughby, the old ornithologist, mentions two snow-white ravens he used to see. There is a tendency for this albinism to increase with the age of the bird. I have just read of a Minorca hen which was jet-black in her youth, but now, at the age of six years, is pure white. A pied blackbird lived for a long time at St. Cross, near Winchester; to start with, this bird had a white head only, but as its age advanced, this whiteness spread downwards to the shoulders and upper parts of the wings.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.

A SPIDER'S WEB AS A FISHING NET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Readers of Professor Thomson's fine article on "The Mind of the Spider" may like to see this print and description of a spider's web which is capable of holding a fair-sized fish. It is taken from A. E. Pratt's book, "Two Years Among New Guinea Cannibals." He says: "One of the curiosities of Waley, and, indeed, one of the greatest curiosities that I noted during my stay in New Guinea, was the spider's web fishing-net. In the forest at this point huge spiders' webs, 6ft. in diameter, abounded. These are woven in a large mesh, varying from 1in. square at the outside of the web to about 1/4in. at the centre. The web was most substantial, and had great resisting power, a fact of which the natives were not slow to avail themselves, for they have pressed into the service of man this spider, which is about the size of a small hazel nut, with hairy dark brown legs, spreading to about 2ins. This diligent creature they have beguiled into weaving their fishing-nets. At the place where the webs are thickest they set up long bamboos, bent over into a loop at the end. In a very short time the spider weaves a web on this most convenient frame, and the Papuan has his fishing-net ready in his hand. He goes down to the stream and uses it with great dexterity to catch fish of about 1lb. in weight, neither the water nor the fish sufficing to break the mesh. The usual practice is to stand on a rock in a backwater where there is an eddy.



A SPIDER'S WEB FOR A FISHING NET.

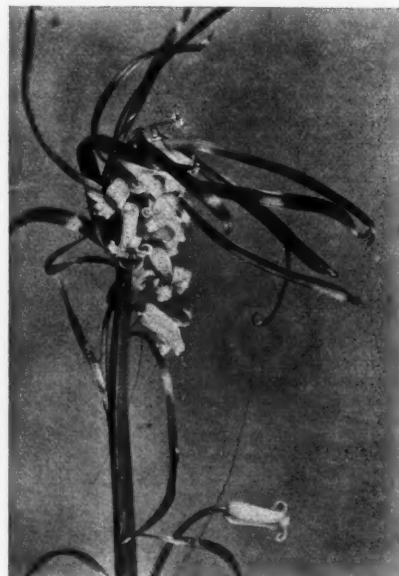
There they watch for a fish and then dexterously dip it up and throw it on the bank. It seemed to me that the substance of the web resisted water as readily as a duck's back."—A. S.

AN UNUSUAL BLUEBELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose what I think is an unusual bluebell. It was growing among many others of the ordinary type—the same bulb bore another bluebell which was also quite ordinary. I should be glad to know in the columns of your paper if it is really an unusual specimen.—MAY M. BRUNSKILL.

[The bluebell sent is very unusual, but the deformity, for such it really is, may probably have been induced by the unusual weather conditions early last summer. Freaks, especially examples of fasciation, are this season noticeably more common than usual. The leafy purple-tipped bracts show an interesting tendency of the common bluebell, *Scilla nutans*, to produce a form bearing, at any rate for garden purposes, a similar relationship to the typical plant as does the feathered hyacinth to the common tassel hyacinth (*Muscari comosum*), itself probably an evolution from an older and entirely fertile type. The organs of the expanded flowers on this singular bluebell, however, appear normal in every way. If our correspondent has the bulb it would be interesting to see next season whether it shows a tendency to "fix" the peculiarity.—Ed.]



UNCOMMON AND RATHER CHARMING.



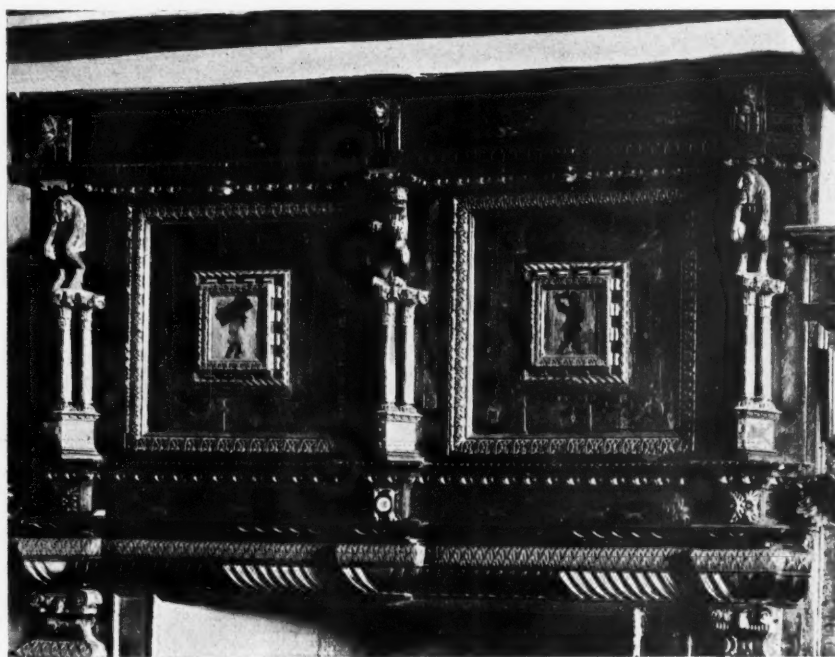
IN the Cinque Port of Sandwich, a little town which, it is said, has "crept within the shadow of progress and retired from business," nearly all the houses are old. But standing out from the rest, both in importance and for the high quality of its interior decoration, is "The Old House," as it is termed, in Strand Street. It is enclosed from the street by a wall of brickwork, having a modern doorway in the Dutch style. The house dates back as early as 1534, when, according to the title-deeds, it was in the possession of Sir Edward Ringeley. At that time it would have appeared externally as a half-timber house; but within there is little visible trace of Sir Edward's building and fitting except the moulded king-post in the chapel room. The openings under the eaves on the south side of the house, which have never been glazed, are the original windows; the brickwork of the walls being a later addition, encasing, as often happens, the original half-timbered structure, which, on the west or street side, has been ruthlessly cut back. The pitch of two north-east rooms was raised, probably, during the reign of Elizabeth, and the side timbers raised some 3ft. above their original height to allow of the introduction of the inlaid chimneypiece in the drawing-room and the plaster ceiling in the room above it. The decoration dates probably from the Queen's visit to Sandwich in 1572, when the town was decorated "in dyvers places" with "cords made of vine branches with their leaves hanking crosse the streets,



PANNELLING IN DRAWING-ROOM.

and after them dyvers garlands of fyne flowers." According to this contemporary account, Queen Elizabeth lodged at "Mr. Manwood's house." According to Mr. Macmeikan "The Old House" was or had been in the possession of a John Manwood, who died in 1572, just before the Queen's visit, but there has been acute controversy as to the actual resting-place of the Queen.

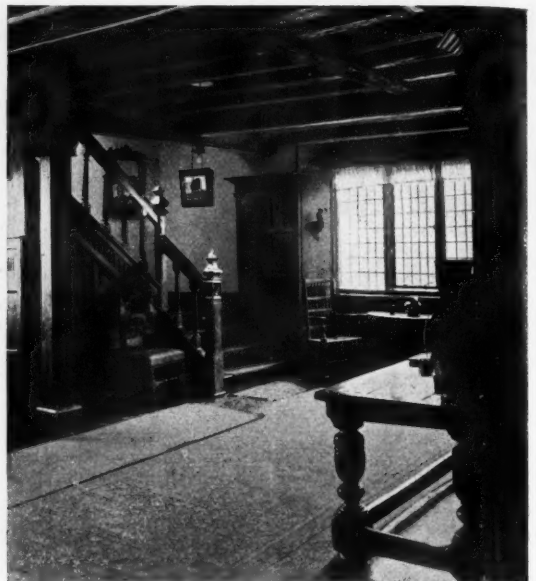
The drawing-room on the ground floor is, with the exception of the addition of a nineteenth century window, in its original condition. It is slightly irregular in plan, the side walls converging from the widest or window end; and the ceiling is also higher at this point. The wainscot consists of four tiers of panels of richly figured oak beneath a frieze in which are set at regular intervals oblong panels in which rolled wood shavings are compressed with glue into a solid mass. Fluted pilasters add interest to the panelling and flank the main doorway, which opens into the library. For its richness of tone and finish the chimneypiece would be remarkable even among the most elaborate efforts of Elizabethan and Jacobean master-carpenters in great country houses. Its upper portion consists of two large panels inlaid with coloured woods in conventional designs, and enclosed in a moulding enriched with leaf-carving. In the centre of each panel is a smaller projecting panel, framed and surrounded by a rope moulding, and containing representations in inlay of Samson, stooping (in the left-hand panel) under the Gates of Gaza, and (in the right-hand panel) wielding the ass's jawbone. He is dressed in contemporary costume of jerkin, breeches and long boots. Between the large panels, and flanking them, are three short grouped Corinthian columns on pedestals, upon which rest grotesque figures, and, in the centre group, a lion bearing a shield inlaid with the Tudor



DETAIL OF DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.



CHAPEL ROOM.



HALL AND STAIRCASE.

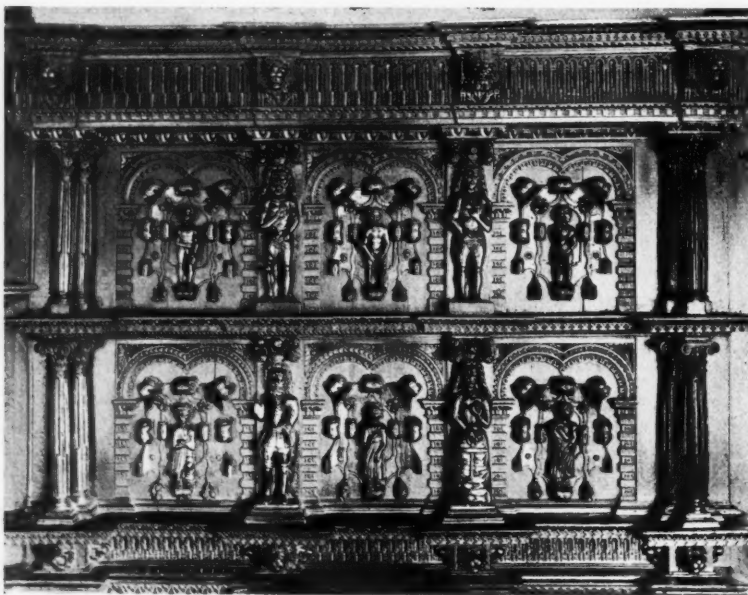
royal arms, the fleurs-de-lys quartered with the leopards. The shafts of these columns are, like the panels in the frieze of the wainscot, composed of shavings and glue, compressed into a material resembling richly figured wood—a device found in the columns employed in the architectural façades of elaborate cabinets from the Low Countries, but unique in England on this scale. The entablature, which is enriched with carved mouldings and an inlaid frieze, is returned over the three column-groups; the inlay, in repeating formal arabesques, being of finer quality than the naïve hunting and hawking scenes above the gadrooned mantel-mould. There are several instances of inlaid wainscot in England dating from this period, but inlay of the type found in this frieze is most closely paralleled by that within the arcading of the wainscot from Sizergh Castle, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The chimney in the library (moved to its present position about twenty years ago) is carved with some personal or symbolic subject of which the significance is lost. The overpiece is divided into two horizontal divisions. In the upper tier are Adam and Eve as caryatid figures; in the lower, a male and female figure in Elizabethan dress, the latter holding an anchor. Within the arched panels are carved three girls and three boys within a scrolled cartouche, "presumably their family," according to an account of The Old House. At Speke Hall Sir William Norris actually recorded the fact of his having been blessed with nineteen children by having them carved in the overpiece of the chimney-piece in the drawing-room, but the treatment of the small figures in the Sandwich chimney-piece does not suggest personal portraiture. The main entablature and mantel-mould are richly treated, and the supports of the fireplace show a typical tapering pilaster carved with bosses and geometrical enrichment. The ceiling shows the massive beams exposed; one of them runs

diagonally, and no doubt rested originally on an angle bracket. The oak door of this room, which has its original strap hinges, latch and bolt, was probably the external door of the house.

On the first floor, the principal bedroom, known as Queen Elizabeth's room, is chiefly remarkable for its fine plaster ceiling, for the small and plain chimney-piece is not original. The ceiling is divided by two massive structural beams, moulded and enriched on their soffits with a running pattern of vine leaves and grapes. Between the beams the space is divided by moulded ribs into geometrical panels filled in the two main divisions with floral ornament, the arms of Sandwich, an eagle, a harpy, a falcon and other devices. In the third space, however, the ornament consists of the branches of fruit and foliated masks characteristic of foreign Early Renaissance ornament.

It is in the woodwork of the house, however, that the foreign influence is most clearly evidenced. It is known that in 1561 a warrant was issued for a grant to the Mayor of Sandwich, allowing the settlement of a number of foreigners in the little town "plantynge in the same men of knowledge in sundry handicrafts." In the inlaid chimney-piece the native and Flemish tendencies are combined, the artificial columns and panels of compressed shavings and the finished inlaid arabesques of the frieze witnessing to the skill of the handicraftsmen from the Low Countries, while the carved chimney-piece in the library is characteristic of the native craftsmen working in the traditional manner. The intermingling of racy native handicraft and foreign design has given the work a peculiar richness and picturesqueness of effect, together with a refinement of execution that is seldom found in purely native products of the Elizabethan period. The house is now the residence of Mrs. Marion Nielson. J.



UPPER PART OF LIBRARY CHIMNEYPIECE.



PLASTERWORK IN "QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM."

SOME FINAL NOTES ON THE DERBY

WHY ST. LOUIS (IF WELL) SHOULD WIN.

BEFORE coming to the big subject of the Derby I should like to make a few observations, on racing during the past week, for though pre-Derby racing as a rule is of very limited importance, there were certain incidents well worth passing reference. York's Spring Meeting in the early part of last week was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. I do not know that there is a better racecourse of its kind, always, of course, excepting Newmarket and Ascot; but, if you take in combination the general excellence of the stands and paddock and the bright way in which things are managed, then you have a racing centre which appeals very much, not only to those who are in racing for business purposes, but to the general public to whom a day's racing matters a lot in regard to the enjoyment it shall yield.

We were given another view of Papyrus, the two year old colt by Tracery from Miss Matty, which had won at Newmarket. He was somewhat pressed to win, and though he may not be as good as Pharos, there can be no question that he is possessed of merit.

The way in which Mr. Sol Joel's big three year old, Sicyon, maintained his unbeaten record was in every sense excellent. I believe it to be quite a fact that the owner and trainer of Collaborator fully expected to bring about Sicyon's downfall, although their horse was conceding 7lb. It seemed ridiculous to suppose that he could do so on last year's form, but apparently they were doubtful that Sicyon could be at his best on his first appearance as a three year old. Certainly it is something in a horse's favour when he can benefit by the sharpening up which a race in public supplies. Sicyon won by three parts of a length, but as against that it must be stated that Collaborator once more showed swerving tendencies, though this time the much stronger and more experienced jockey, Childs, displaced the apprentice, Elliott, with whom the horse had bolted and swerved at Chester. No doubt the swerving made some difference on this occasion, but, on the other hand, I feel sure the big colt could have pulled out more had he been called upon to do so. Sicyon is a really good horse in the best sense, and he seems to be absolutely genuine. It was good to see him win once again, and especially over a mile, too. I should say that Collaborator has not got over the escapade at Chester, which was a bad experience for any horse. He has rather a sour head and expression, but there is no questioning his ability to race, and it is a great pity that things should have turned out so awry after his brilliant *debut* as a three year old, when, for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, he gave 15lb. and a big beating to Tamar and others.

Another horse which shocked his admirers at York was Bucks Hussar. He was most emphatically expected by his owner and trainer, and by his backers for the Derby, to win the Sledmere Stakes. Yet he ran so horribly badly that the trainer at once concluded that he must be wrong. He was tailed off, which made it look as if a screw was rather seriously loose, and subsequently it was found, on a veterinary examination being made, that he was suffering from colic. Thus the miserable performance rather than the actual defeat was explained. I wish he had remained well, as it would have been most interesting to see him fighting it out with Craigangower on 8lb. better terms in the latter's favour. I was not in the least surprised that Craigangower won, as I was sure we had not seen the best of him when Bucks Hussar and Poisoned Arrow beat him for the Hastings Plate on the day preceding the race for the Two Thousand Guineas.

Following on York, two very pleasant days were spent on the delightful racecourse which is laid out on a ridge of downland overlooking the cathedral city of Salisbury. There is something more than a merely lingering touch of the old fashioned about Salisbury and its racing. Members of the Club are probably keener on the horses and their breeding than those of any other racing club I know of. The paddock is convenient, the Club stand and enclosure are admirable, the racecourse is a most excellent test, and all that is wrong is the accommodation for the Press for the purpose of viewing the races. At present it is perfectly futile. The winner of the Salisbury Cup came along in Light Dragoon, a lightly weighted four year old gelding by Charles O'Malley, the sire that died in Ireland a little while ago, from a mare named Queen's Parade, which used to carry Captain Forester's colours. That owner is not as prominent in racing as he used to be in the days when he and others were associated with the very successful Druid's Lodge establishment on Salisbury Plain that I motored past on my return to town from Salisbury. Light Dragoon is not what you would call a good horse in the sense that Christmas Daisy, the winner of two Cambridgeshires, was. He, too, was owned by Captain Forester.

Light Dragoon won because he was served by a very light weight, and it says much for the gameness and goodness of Grandcourt that he should hunt the winner home when giving him as much as 35lb. I daresay those associated with Light Dragoon won quite a lot of money in bets, though the actual favourite, and a short-priced one, too, was Mr. James White's

horse, Norseman. He was well beaten, but all the same he ran a great deal better than did Drake's Drum, an immensely heavy topped horse by the defunct sire, Corcyra. The best two year old seen out at the meeting was Azimuth, owned by Lord Carnarvon, and he did not win. He was third to Mr. Singer's filly, by Kwang Su from Osaka, with Mr. Sol Joel's Holy Friar dividing the pair. What lost Azimuth the race was that greenness which seems to paralyse so many horses when making a first appearance on the racecourse. They are startled and they stare about them instead of racing to the utmost of their strength and speed. Azimuth did not travel fast enough in the early stages, with the result that he was closed in on. Donoghue had then to pull him round the field, and the handicap was altogether too severe. I feel sure the colt will prove before long that he is a good one and that he should have won this particular race.

At the outset of what I have to say about the Derby I may note that three horses, which have been mentioned from time to time in these notes, can, I think, be removed out of the argument as presenting no danger. They are Bucks Hussar, Norseman and Drake's Drum. To take this course with Bucks Hussar may conceivably offend those who have been somewhat enamoured of this very big horse. One may find excuse for the failure at York referred to above, but no form that he has ever shown gives him a reasonable chance in my opinion. He is altogether too big and unwieldy for the course at Epsom, and I do not hesitate to pass him over, although I am well aware that the most amazing things are continually happening in racing. But I will not have Bucks Hussar. Norseman should have won that Salisbury Cup race to have a chance at all. That was following on failure to win a trial nearly a fortnight ago. I did not, of course, see the trial, though I am assured by one who is more likely to know than anyone that it was convincing, but I did see the race for the Salisbury Cup, and there was no excuse for the grey horse. I believe in accepting what you see in racing—it is the reason why I shall never desert St. Louis—that is, if you are satisfied that what you see is genuine, and, therefore, I do not need any persuasion to jettison Norseman from my Derby calculations. Drake's Drum was simply hopeless in this race for the Salisbury Cup, and he showed clearly enough that he is not anything like fit and cannot possibly be so by Derby Day. One wonders how he came to run, except that a race will bring on a horse such a lot compared with a gallop on familiar downs and in private. Then, too, he showed much temper and must be giving trouble in his training. I will have no more of him at this juncture.

As I write a duel is proceeding between St. Louis and Pondoland for favouritism for the Derby. It will have been decided, I have no doubt, before these notes are in the hands of readers, but it is extraordinary to my mind that such developments should have occurred. One could understand it were St. Louis to have gone the wrong way since his very fine win of the Two Thousand Guineas. Then one might with reason accept Pondoland as having a fair chance of making up the three lengths by which he was beaten into second place by St. Louis. But I can find no support for any suggestion that St. Louis has not given satisfaction. I believe the phenomenon may be due to the fact that Pondoland belongs to a very wealthy man, who likes to have a big wager when he believes he has a good chance of winning. Rightly or wrongly he believes that the horse is very much better than when he was second for the Two Thousand Guineas, and he finds some support from the fact of the colt's very easy win of the Newmarket Stakes, even allowing for the moderate class of those he accounted for on that occasion. I cannot think of any other reason. Lord Queenborough, the owner of St. Louis, does not care about betting except to a very mild extent. That horse's trainer, Mr. Gilpin, is known to wager considerably on occasions, but it is conceivable that he has been waiting until such time as he can make up his mind as to which is the better of the two he trains, the other one, of course, being Re-echo. However, there ever was opposition to a Derby favourite, emanating for the most part from those who have missed the long prices and are anxious to find something to beat it.

I think it is necessary to take a broader view than that, and if possible to leave out prejudice which so often obscures these matters. It is of course conceivable that Pondoland may turn the tables. I recall the Two Thousand Guineas won by Sceptre, on which occasion Ard Patrick, by no means close up, was third. Two days later Sceptre won the One Thousand Guineas, and it followed that she became a very short-priced favourite for the Derby. Yet she was only fourth at Epsom, while Ard Patrick won by three lengths from Rising Glass and Friar Tuck. Thus you will find plenty of precedent in Turf history for the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas being beaten in the Derby by a placed horse on that occasion. Did it not happen last year in the case of Humorist and Craig an Eran, and the year before Tetratema, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, was beaten out of the first three at Epsom? In the case of Tetratema time proved that he could not stay and that he had no pretensions to win the Derby. But that fact was not clearly grasped at the

time or the grey horse would most certainly not have started such a short-priced favourite as actually was the case.

I mention these things to show that Pondoland may beat St. Louis on Wednesday next, and if he does so we ought not to stand amazed. It is certain that Mr. Joel and his trainer will not be astonished. Rather will they be given much cause for crowing. But I do not propose to blind myself to the very convincing way in which St. Louis won the first of the classic races. It was achieved in altogether unexceptional style and left an impression, which remains with me now, that he must be a good horse. I know that he has done well since and that he looks well. I will not have it, therefore, that he stands exactly where he was, as he would have to do to assist in the process of Pondoland turning the tables. It will be in favour of Pondoland that the nature of the course will suit him, for he has undoubted speed, and they seem well satisfied that he will stay, while you have only to look at his conformation to understand that he will be handy. What a horse for Donoghue to handle! And yet he will not lack for jockeyship as Frank O'Neill, who is at the top in France, is again to have the riding of him.

It will be most interesting to know which colt, St. Louis or Re-echo, the stable jockey, Archibald, will ride. It is likely that the trainer who, it is understood, will determine the point, will put him on the one which he thinks is possessed of the better chance. Thus a most important hint will be conveyed in that connection. What of Re-echo? It is certain that this colt has raised high expectations with his owner, Sir Ernest Paget, whose luck at Epsom has been good at all times and might extend to this very big occasion. It is difficult to size up Re-echo. His two year old form makes him out to be of undoubted class, but strictly on form I do not see how he can be preferred to Pondoland, for instance. It becomes a question, therefore, as to how he has progressed, as to which it is not easy to supply an answer because he has not been seen out as a three year old. He may have made more than the normal improvement, as I think he would have to do to be sure of beating, say, Pondoland, and, through that horse, St. Louis. What is known, however, is that he has been liked in all the work he has done at Newmarket and that he has never ceased to give satisfaction to those observers who make it their business to watch the horses at work. His backers must, in the circumstances, take something for granted, which is why I have a preference for the stable companion because he is a known and proved quantity.

I find it necessary to jump over a big gap when we come to deal with others, from which the reader will infer that I am firmly of the impression that the winner will prove to be one of the three

I have been discussing. I put aside all others trained at Newmarket, and of others trained elsewhere one cannot take seriously—at least I do not—Scamp and Tamar because of their defeats in public. I, naturally, like best of all Captain Cuttle, and for him there are possibilities. After all, he was third for the Two Thousand Guineas, and I can well believe that he is a better horse now than he was then. This I believe to be a fact. But I cannot see how he is going to make up so much ground on the pair that finished so far ahead of him at Newmarket. He is a commanding, big horse, which, however, may be a factor not altogether in his favour when we bear in mind how important is pony-like handiness at Epsom, especially as races are now run from end to end. Immediately after the Two Thousand Guineas the admirers of this horse were inclined to be depressed, but they have revived quite a lot in consequence of the more reassuring reports which have come from Beckhampston.

I have some regard, too, for Craigangower, even though he may not be quite good enough. He is a horse I like very much as an individual, while his breeding makes an appeal to those who look at the subject from this point of view. Actually his public form is not what you would expect, or, rather, you would expect more of one that is going to win the Derby. However, I have some measure of respect for him. I have heard it said that Dry Toast, trained by Mr. Persse, is going to create a surprise, but I cannot accept this one on any account. He was too uncertain as a two year old after at one time promising to be very good indeed. One gets a firm idea in looking closely into the race that apart from the leading three or four they are a most moderate lot, but I have no doubt there will be a big field, which will always be a menace to the good horses. However, the vanity of some owners must ever be taken into account, and, after all, the Derby is the Derby, and perhaps we should not criticise owners taking advantage of the most shadowy chance. Shades of Aboyeur and Signorinetta! I shall adhere to the belief I have expressed all along that the race will be won by St. Louis, always providing, of course, that the colt is as well on the day of the race as he is at the time of writing this.

I may have an opportunity next week of discussing the Oaks, which most people are leaving to Silver Urn or Sobriquet, but I know of another one that I think is going to cause something of a stir. As to that I will write more next week. A useful word of advice will be to look out for Mr. J. B. Joel's horses next week. The stable has done little or nothing since winning the Brocklesby Stakes in the first week of the season, but it never does to leave them out during this Derby week.

PHILIPPOS.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

Historic Houses of South Africa, by Dorothea Fairbridge. (Oxford University Press, 3 guineas.)

GENERAL SMUTS, who contributes a characteristically modest foreword, sums up the value of this book: "In a country where, as a rule, Nature is everything and Art literally nowhere, our old Dutch houses of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries form the most notable exception to the rule. . . . Neither in Music, Literature, Painting nor Sculpture have we anything yet to compare with the performance of older countries. The one exception is our domestic architecture. . . . I believe it was Ruskin who said that the only real contribution to Architecture for the last few centuries has been made by the Dutch in South Africa." Though it is not possible for us to agree with the last remark, the value of Miss Fairbridge's work in thus showing to the Empire the extreme beauty of South Africa's old farmhouses, is in no way diminished. Briefly, from the time when Simon van der Stel built Groot Constantia in 1685, until the British conferred on Cape Colony the boon of cheap villas, the farmers pursued in their buildings a style midway between the Dutch manner and the tropical architecture of the East Indies. In plan their houses were usually H or U shaped, of one storey, with the dining-room occupying the centre. The gable ends are decorated with richly scrolled pediments, of curving lines, and the roofs are thatched. The materials are sun-dried bricks and stucco. Inside there is often beautiful wood-work in teak or yellow wood, fashioned into screens and fanlights. The lovely surroundings of these homesteads—well shown in numerous photographs and colour reproductions of Gwela Goodman's paintings—and their historic associations, when added to the architectural importance of the book, make up a volume of great interest not only for South Africans and architects, but for all who are concerned with the unity of the British Commonwealth.

The Tactless Man, by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)

IF we had been asked to assist at the christening of Mrs. Dowdall's new book we should have named it not *The Tactless Man*, but "The Vampire Woman." For the centre of interest in a novel, that with faults of construction and of verbosity is yet curiously compelling, is the career of that venomous little blood-sucker, Clara Gatehouse. Clara is the logical conclusion of unprincipled flapper-dom; and, like all logical conclusions, she is a fact which it proved dangerous to disregard. The efforts of the spiritually unperceptive people, whose lives she ruthlessly disintegrates, to deal with forces with which they have neither the perception nor the authority to cope, are told with a dramatic vividness that gains rather than loses by the murky background of superficially squalid suburban life. Frances Lambourn, the sensitive, dreamy daughter of a poverty-stricken rector, set in a parish of unmitigated ugliness, with a tendency "to take her inclinations as they come, on the spur of the moment," and a heaven that was "no more than a blue balloon, full of fancies that floated here and there

and burst at a touch," obsessed, moreover, with revulsion against the daily items of her life, and with a "fear of circumstance," fails to perceive that human existence is, on the whole, more likely to be the thing of courage and loyalty and humour for which it is intended, in a two-pair back, than in Park Lane. Her gradual education in the true values of life is well and convincingly told, although the background of squalid ugliness is over-laboured; and we could have wished for more of the gracious and lovely old English country house, which the post-war bestialities of Mr. Schlizzer and his cinema girls had as little power to harm as would the temporary invasion of a drove of pigs—"the house itself took no notice of them." Frances, having acquired from her father, the rector—who "lived in realities," but unfortunately did not know how to apply them to temporal needs—some instinctive sense of good and evil, narrowly escapes the fate prepared for her by the diabolical Clara; but not without sharp suffering both for herself and for the tactless Fred, the lovable, self-effacing giver of all good things, who by sheer good-natured stupidity very nearly wrecks all the lives over which his wealth gives him sway. The really best thing in an excellent novel is the sustained apprehension of the logic of life, according to which flappers and others who habitually defy the major and minor laws of God and man find that the happiness which it is their one aim to secure constantly eludes their grasp. Frances at last discovers that what her whole nature needed "dwells in no one condition of life more than another":

"The drift of pinions, could we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors."

The clear seeing Fred could have told her this from the moment of their swift engagement; but it needed personal contact with the devilries of Clara, and with the shifting quicksands of Trevelyan's life, to convince her of the nature of the things that really matter. We have one little quarrel with Mrs. Dowdall. We felt quite glad when Clara's millionaire husband gives her a black eye, and we hate to feel like that about a woman.

Terriers, by Darley Matheson. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the popularity of some of the toy breeds and Alsations on the show bench, terriers of one sort or another are still most commonly met with among the public. Mr. Matheson has collected a good deal of interesting historical matter, and his efforts will be appreciated by those who do not wish to grope too deeply into the intricacies of pedigree breeding. Mr. William Baker's remarks on the Sealyham should receive the attention of breeders, for he was one of the pioneers in introducing the South Wales terrier, and he has had much experience in badger digging. In the chapter on bull-terriers, too, Mr. Adair Dighton writes with the knowledge of the expert. The illustrations would have been of more value if the name of the subject had been given under each.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

FOXHOUNDS, PHEASANTS AND CLAY BIRDS.

THE Master of the Hambledon Hounds invited the gamekeepers of his district to a clay pigeon shoot and luncheon at Petersfield, Hants, on the 20th inst., and though I have not at the time of writing heard how the function went off, I can at least commend the idea as most excellent. Gamekeepers do a great deal to serve the interests of hunting, and they do not as a rule receive the measure of appreciation which tends to lubricate the self-denying and arduous processes involved. Very few people realise the extent to which these little flutters are cherished in the recollection of those who live the isolated life of game guardians. The higher representatives of the class possess qualities far above their station and pay. They are diplomatists of no mean order, besides being far from novices in the arts of generalship and administration, and all this quite apart from their claim to rank as accomplished field naturalists. They read a great deal, and often amaze one with the depth of their erudition. And yet get a party of them together, give them a social evening, and you will appreciate the most painful blank in their lives, also their appreciation of those who seek to fill it. I remember on one occasion, when attending a dinner given to the keepers and the various other workers on the estate who had acted as beaters and stops, that the hosts, probably owing to nervousness, failed to uncurl—in fact, rather chilled the proceedings by undue reserve and solemnity. When my turn to speak came along I just talked general rubbish and personalities for nearly half an hour, and managed to impart the needed hilarity to the proceedings. Conversation on the following day proved how appreciative they all were for the community of feeling which had been established. Clay bird competitions worked on similarly social lines supply an unexampled opportunity in the summer months for propagating the good feeling which should always exist between sportsmen and those who labour unceasingly to produce the results which are so deeply appreciated. The necessity exists to a supreme degree in the case under notice, since shooting is required to resign itself to many losses and inconveniences in order that hunting may be successful. No matter what instructions the owner of a demesne may issue, their effective carrying out is immensely aided by the creation of a willing spirit.

PROGRESS OF THE NESTING SEASON.

The burst of warm weather which began on the 6th inst. will not prevent the present game-nesting season from being a very funny one. Pheasants have been very late in going down on full clutches of eggs, and these have been amassed at a very slow rate. Hence there is not only a big age difference between the first and last contribution, but the period of production has been cold and inclement, with the result that the germ will be lacking in vigour. Mid-May wanderings in game country will have revealed a large proportion of hen pheasants still out and about, but by the 10th of the month there were quite a lot of cocks exhibiting the disturbed and restless state of mind which denotes the absence of feminine society. Partridges have in like manner been seen in pairs long after the accustomed date of sitting, but these have gained the benefit of a greater share of the warmer period for nest-filling operations. The total could not be considered a favourable nesting season for either species. On the other hand the stocks were very heavy and widely scattered by reason of the unusually small proportion of old birds which fell to the gun in last season's shooting. No other result was possible, for the extreme scarcity of covert led to the birds packing early and so passing over the line in clouds in place of the covey formation which permits the selection of old birds. The late season by keeping back the herbage will have discouraged the foolish proneness to nest in the hayfields and other green crops which are mowed while the nests are still occupied. There probably never was a year when the pent-up forces of growth were as suddenly released into life. In the brief space of three days the winter aspect of the landscape was suddenly transformed into that of summer. Hedge bottom growth shared in the general burst of activity, and, in spite of the intermittent checks since, a liberal screen has been provided for the concealment of nests from rooks and other birds which have begun to run short of insect food owing to the dry spell.

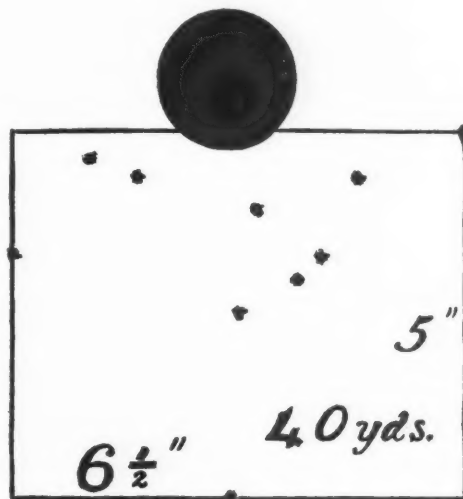
A HISTORIC SHOOT TO LET.

The announcement that The Grange at Alresford, together with the whole of the shooting, is to be let will naturally arouse speculation as to the precise sort of tenant that is contemplated. To few of us is given the experience of shooting regularly on quite so large an estate. For two or three seasons in succession I once enjoyed such a delight. Each week a party of six guns had to be mustered, and we were hard at it every Friday and Saturday. The Grange ordinarily provides just over thirty shooting days in the season, but its capacity runs far beyond this limit, forty being nearer the mark, with five guns usually required. Serious shooting does not begin till October, so that the programme would be concentrated into four months. I have been over the ground quite recently, and was able to satisfy myself as to the magnificent

stock both of partridges and pheasants that is available. Ground game is also abundant, and there are plenty of ducks breeding in the meadows fringing the Itchen, and on the uplands besides. One also noted the presence of snipe, especially during the period of evening exercise when their "bleating" would call attention to the number that are breeding on the spot. The growing habit of Americans to leave their vast continent to enjoy the, to them, unaccustomed experience of plentiful sport, and this in our tiny Isle, could nowhere be better exercised than on The Grange estate. A mansion of vast capabilities would provide all the amenities of English country life, while of sport there would be such a plenty as would tax the energies of all but the most insatiable. The only difficulty would be that presented by the driven partridge itself. In these days, when shooting men are not as practised as they were in the pre-war era, the trouble is to get together a party of guns which can do justice to the opportunities offered. Americans especially have found tribulation in their efforts to show a return for the cartridges expended. The quick gun action, the free and ample swing ahead, coupled with the gift of seeing only one bird at a time, and that the right one, sounds easy to the man who has fired thousands of shots at other sorts of game, but when it comes to partridges there is oftentimes a wide separation between intention and result. As this shoot consists of eight practically self-contained beats, there would be no difficulty about segregating for letting purposes whatever area was deemed to be surplus. And one can be quite sure that if such a chance were offered to a syndicate there would be competition for inclusion in the list of guns. Though the tendency is to connect The Grange with partridges, pheasants are available in equal number, and some of the stands yield first quality sport. On the borders of the Itchen some entrancing little days are to be had, with snipe and duck added to the ordinary list.

SNAP-SHOOTING WITH A BIG GAME RIFLE.

Having read with deep interest Captain Bell's article on big game rifles and his references to the mode of their use, I took the opportunity of the arrival of a new rifle devised for the firing of a cartridge, not yet, I believe, on the market, to make a shooting



AN IMAGINARY TEN SHOTS AT A CHARGING ANIMAL.

test rather outside the ordinary run. The weapon was bolt-action and carried three cartridges in the magazines. This did not matter very much, for my object was to see how near I should get to the bull when mounting the rifle like a shot gun and firing the instant the foresight touched the mark. Probably the entire process was completed inside a second, but the exact measure of time would be difficult to decide. Suffice, therefore, to say that the speed of shooting would be approximately that necessary for charging game. The size of bull was 2 ins., and the distance 40 yds. Here then is the result; probably it is bad, for I remember making a very poor performance at a moving target which had once been set up for this sort of practice. Measurement shows that the diagram is 6 1/2 ins. wide by 5 ins. high. Probably the only method of reducing the practice to exact conditions would be to arrange the target on a hinge and give it exposures of one second. Personally I imagine a bull is preferable to a simple shape cut in strawboard, the reason being that accounts of big-game shooting contain almost without exception the most precise statement of the exact portion of the beast's anatomy at which the aim was directed. The animal itself carries all sorts of protuberances, ripples and markings, such as would rank as marks equally as precise as a bull. From them the shooter would need to make his selection.

THE ESTATE MARKET HISTORIC PROPERTIES

LORD D'ABERNON has directed Messrs. Giddy and Giddy to negotiate for the furnished letting of Esher Place. The estate was once the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and the old tower of the palace of the Bishops of Winchester still stands. Wolsey was the last of the eleven Bishops of Winchester who were also Lord Chancellor. The Surrey seat has a fine suite of reception rooms, and twenty-five or thirty bedrooms, with six bath rooms, electric light and central heating, and the lawns have tennis courts unsurpassed in Surrey. An illustrated account of the property was published in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. VII, page 16). Wolsey repaired and partly rebuilt the older house or palace, which had been erected by William of Waynflete in the fifteenth century. Lord Howard of Effingham and others held the property, and, in 1729, Henry Pelham, the then owner, employed Kent to lay out the grounds, and he scattered little temples about them in the classic taste of that period. Kent, a better garden-planner than architect, was unhappily allowed to insert the pseudo-Gothic windows in the fifteenth century tower. The modern house stands in a higher and far finer situation than its predecessor. Terraces, and the lavender walk, contribute to the charm of Esher Place.

HENLEY PARK.

IN view of the auction, at Guildford on June 8th, by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. F. A. and A. W. Mellersh, illustrated particulars have been prepared of Henley Park, the Pirbright property overlooking the Hog's Back, four miles from the county town. The eighteenth century house and 755 acres constitute the first of twenty-one lots. It was enlarged and improved some years ago. In the entrance hall, over the four mahogany doors, are oil paintings by T. E. Roeding (1695-1765), entitled "L'Arrestation," "La Puritane," "L'Affut," and "La Surprise." These, however, like the knightly figure surmounted by portrait of a lady, by John Opie, R.A., are not included in the sale. The figure just mentioned is rather an unusual and certainly a very fine adornment of a door made of inlaid tulip wood, in the dining-room. The mansion of 338 acres, and the shooting on the estate, are let until next Michaelmas to Lady Roberts, but possession of the property will be given on completion of the contract.

GAME BAGS AT ALRESFORD.

THE Grange, Alresford, Lord Ashburton's Hampshire estate, to which a brief allusion was made last week, as being to let furnished for a long period, through Messrs. Warrington and Co., contains within its ring fence approximately 10,000 acres of partridge ground, and it also affords a couple of miles of trout fishing in the Itchen, that clear sparkling river, not majestic like Father Thames, nor picturesque with hills and deep reaches like the Dart, yet with a tranquil beauty all its own. Many magnificent old trees adorn the park of 700 acres. Walpole regarded the vestibule and staircase of the Grange as "beautiful models of the purest and most classical antiquity." The portico, suggestive of the Parthenon, and other features, have been superimposed on earlier work attributed to Inigo Jones. Several generations of the Henley family held the Grange, among them Robert, Lord Chancellor in 1761. Mr. Henry Drummond, who bought the property from the sisters of the second Earl, employed Wilkins to effect alterations in the structure. From having four or five storeys the house was made to seem as though it had but two. For some time George IV was tenant of the Grange, and it was then bought by Mr. Alexander Baring, who became Lord Ashburton. Poor dyspeptic Carlyle often stayed at the Grange, as the guest of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, and there are references to it in his interminable memoirs, which nobody has the time to read nowadays. The Grange has central heating, electric light, and modern sanitation. The game bag last season included 3,743 wild pheasants, 3,984 partridges, 10,000 rabbits and countless wild duck, snipe and woodcock.

INGMIRE HALL.

INGMIRE HALL, on the Westmorland border of Yorkshire, described in the Estate Market page of *COUNTRY LIFE* of

February 4th last as "a Royalist stronghold," is the well preserved and castellated manor house of Major John H. Upton and the ancestral home of John Otway, the celebrated adherent of the Royalist side. The early sixteenth century house and 5,000 acres in the Lune Valley are to be submitted at Kendal this season, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, as a whole or in lots. Ingmire is a capital shooting and fishing estate, with thirty farms of from 25 to 150 acres, a mile from Sedburgh.

The Berkhamsted freehold, Belmont, was sold before the auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have also disposed of Smallwood Manor, Uttoxeter, all except certain farms and sites. Jointly with Messrs. Clarke, Gammon and Co., they are directed by the Bishop of Guildford to sell the small Georgian Dower House in Womersley. The Hanover Square firm has fixed June 7th as the date of the auction of Willinghamurst, Shamley Green, near Guildford. The house, in first-rate order, was designed by Mr. Philip Webb in 1887. A very attractive pheasant shoot with plenty of high-flying birds is found in the 716 acres of Willinghamurst. No birds have been reared there in recent years, but the game bag is noteworthy, that for the year before the war being 788 pheasants, 44 partridges, well over a thousand rabbits and a lot of woodcock. Rabbits are as numerous as ever, but the other items naturally reflect the absence of attention, if at the same time they show that with little effort the pre-war standard could be easily surpassed.

Scotswood, Sunningdale, 31 acres, close to the golf course; Bois Hall, 8 acres, near Sandown Park and Virginia Water; The Beedings, Pulborough, 480 acres, on which are some fine old Sussex farmhouses; Stratton Park and 62 acres at Biggleswade (by order of the Beds. County Council) jointly with Mr. F. W. Western; the North Devon home of the late Mr. Charles Garvice, the novelist, Hillsborough, Bradworthy, built ten years ago, with 46 acres; and the late Colonel Crosby's Scarborough estate at Troutdale, 643 acres (for auction on June 17th), are among the country properties for sale, privately and otherwise, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

60,000 ACRE SCOTTISH SALE.

THE pressure of taxation is understood to be the main reason for the decision of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to dispose of the Huntly estates in Aberdeenshire, approximately 60,000 acres, and the tenants of the 400 farms and small holdings will have the first offer. The estates have always been well managed, and the countryside is not only, as an old writer said of it, "tolerably fertile," but in parts very beautiful, especially in the vicinity of Huntly Lodge, the watersmeet of the Deveron and the Bogie, both rivers in which the salmon fishing has deteriorated in recent years, but is now again improving, thanks to increased attention to the avoidance of pollution. Distilling and spawning do not go well together.

The prohibitive cost of conversion to new purposes will, it is locally reported, lead to the dismantling of Brancepeth Castle, near Durham, which Lord Boyne is disinclined to keep up any longer, owing to the expense entailed in rates and taxes and other ways.

BARTON ABBEY SOLD.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALEXANDER NELSON HALL has sold Barton Abbey to a client of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. Once a cell of Osney, the place is a good Tudor example, and bears date and motto "Thinke and Thanke 1570." In or about the year 1680 Ralf Sheldon made extensive changes in the house. Barton has an oak staircase and curious old attics. The buyer takes about 1,000 acres. It is near Heyford, ten or twelve miles from Banbury and Oxford.

Bishop's Court, Dorchester-on-Thames, on the site of an episcopal palace, and 333 acres, with two miles of Thames frontage, will be sold, at Wallingford next Friday, by Messrs. Simmons and Sons, in ten lots, one being the house and 273 acres. They are also offering on the 30th of May that attractive riverside property, the Red House, Sonning, a Georgian house, with about eight acres, commanding fine views of the Thames Valley.

WEST WYCOMBE PARK.

JULY has been settled as the approximate date of the auction of West Wycombe Park, Sir John Dashwood's historical country seat, by Messrs. Giddy and Giddy. A lease of the sporting rights over several thousands of acres can be negotiated. West Wycombe, illustrated and described in *COUNTRY LIFE* in 1916 (Vol. XXXIX, pages 16 and 48), was the subject of a full reference in the Estate Market page so recently as March 25th. There are drawings of schemes relative to the house, but they are neither signed nor dated and very often not even headed by any descriptive title. There are, however, two drawings which, by their method and finish, can certainly be identified as from the office of Robert Adam, whose influence may be traced in some of the temples which adorn the park, the mill and farm.

ALTON TOWERS TO BE LET.

BETWEEN Derby and Stoke-on-Trent is Alton Towers, now to be let or sold, through Messrs. Lofts and Warner, with 1,100 acres, and its use as a hydropathic hotel or institution is suggested. Alton Towers is an exceedingly graceful mansion, of which descriptions and views have been given in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. III, pages 754 and 788; and Vol. X, page 839). The gardens are noted for their Lion Fountain, flight of 172 steps called "Jacob's Ladder," statuary, and the Gothic temple familiar to all who know the valley of the Severn. Of the 15th Earl of Shrewsbury it is recorded on the circular temple in the gardens that "He made the desert smile." The language is exaggerated if the allusion is to the formation of gardens in a spot so well known for its inherent fertility. His work in so doing was carried on by his successor, "the good Earl," who was inspired by the genius of Pugin. The ruins of the old castle of Alton top an almost perpendicular rock, at the foot of which flows the little river Churnet, in a lovely wooded valley. Alton was the ancient home of the Verdons and Furnivals and Sir John Talbot, hero of forty fights, who fell at Châtillon in 1453. The best and truest saying about the gardens is that inscribed in one of the Alton conservatories, "The speech of flowers exceeds all flowers of speech."

SALES, COMING OR CONCLUDED.

LADY DE SAUMAREZ is the vendor of 2,100 acres of outlying parts, the Crowfield portion, of the Shrubland Park estate, at Ipswich next Tuesday, through Messrs. Bidwell and Sons. Lady Stewart's sale of Little Hallands, an old-world house at Bishopstone, near Seaford, is fixed for next Monday at Lewes by Messrs. Powell and Co. Sales at St. James's Square, on the following day, include Pinewood Grange, Camberley, and 7 acres, at an upset price of £3,500, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, whose auction of freeholds on the Covent Garden estate yielded nearly £100,000.

Redlynch House, Downton, on the outskirts of the New Forest, a modernised residence with 20 acres, is to be sold, in July, by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., on behalf of Major Cholmondeley. For 245 acres of Worcestershire land, known as Holdfast Hall Farm, Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. have obtained £7,200. Farms of 229 acres on the Woodford estate, Stockport, have been sold for £8,000, by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin, who will offer the few remaining lots next month locally. Tanglewood, Haslemere, and Meadowcroft, near Battle, have changed hands through Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co., who report sales of many town and country houses. Messrs. Fox and Sons' sales include Little Oak Hall, Bassett, and three acres, for £4,000, and Leftwich, Swanage, and other houses in advance of the auctions. Messrs. Battam and Heywood have disposed of Grey Gables, Boreham Wood, since the auction.

A bid of £8,000 has been accepted, by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Cobb, for the East Kent property of 63 acres, called Loreden, Ospringe.

Messrs. Mabbett and Edge have disposed of Sherfield Hall, between Basingstoke and Reading, an early Georgian residence with 61 acres. It was to have come under the hammer.

ARBITER.